THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 167 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • OCTOBER 16, 1948 NUMBER 16

The Shape of Things

THE LESS SAID ABOUT THE ABANDONED Vinson mission to Moscow, the better. It might have been diplomatically feasible to attempt a venture of this sort before the East-West impasse had been brought before the United Nations. But once we had succeeded in pressing the dubious British and the even more dubious French into making Soviet recalcitrance an issue for the Security Council, it was unbelievably absurd to suggest a cozy two-way talk in the Kremlin. Such a move could only have made us look weak and foolish to the Russians and deceitfully unreliable to the Western Europeans, while the United Nations itself would have been stripped of whatever power and dignity it has acquired. The ineptitude of the project seems all the greater for coming at a moment when the U. N. was, in fact, showing surprising signs of vitality, as we have attempted to show elsewhere in these columns, and when the Soviets were clearly softening their tone. We see no reason to question the genuineness of the President's passion for peace, but to have put forward a proposal of this sort without consulting either the Western powers or the Republicans, with whom he is linked in a bipartisan foreign policy, was certain to risk the accusation that he was playing campaign politics. If there was any such motivation, we trust that the Vinson fiasco has proved drastic enough to discourage repetition.

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THOSE WHO FEEL THAT HARRY S. TRUMAN has been a trifle wild in the current campaign should think him a model of propriety after reading John L. Lewis's address to his mine workers in convention assembled. From that flow of invective, the President of the United States emerged as a "cowardly" man whose "principles are elastic . . . a malignant, scheming sort of individual who is dangerous not only to the United Mine Workers, but dangerous to the United States of America." Attorney General Clark fared little better, and pro-Truman labor leaders—presumably Messrs. Murray and Green—were scored as men who "could be called down to the White House at the whim of the President and while there . . . sell out the labor movement and sell out their own unions for a lunch." The half-expected indorsement of Thomas E. Dewey did not materialize, but there could hardly be any mistake about Lewis's wanting the miners to vote for the Republican. How else were they to interpret his injunction that it was for them to "help decide" whether the Truman he had just excoriated was "going to be the future President of the United States." How were they to prevent it except by voting for Dewey or staying home—which would amount to the same thing? Certainly, he would not have them vote for Wallace. Lewis's hostility to the European Recovery Program was made explicit, but it was the hostility of the America Firster rather than the Russian sympathizer. In fact, our government, he charged, had "aggrandized the Russian state and given them a chance to stab us in the national back." John L. Lewis sounded like the lonely, embittered man that he is. He will not, we imagine, carry many miners into the Republican camp, and if many of them stay home rather than vote, their decision will be based on Mr. Truman's actions rather than on their leader's harsh words.

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AS WE WRITE, CZECHOSLOVAKIA IS BEING hurried down the totalitarian trail with dispatch and no nonsense. Forced labor camps, where those who "do not want to obey their duty of contributing to the well-being of the whole people" will be "educated by work," are scheduled to be legalized by Parliament, which is now in session. At least two of these camps are already in operation. Parliament is also expected to approve, unanimously, sweeping wage controls to match present controls over prices and a "law for the defense of the people's democratic republic" which will make any form of opposition to the government a criminal offense. This law will also provide for the setting up of a new state court with extraordinary powers to hold secret sessions in important cases. The law prohibits, and names penalties for agitation against the republic before two or more persons, the "misuse" of religious office, and defacing the President's picture—if this is done at all, the penalty is eight days to six months; if it is done publicly, the punishment is three months to two years. Czechs are also forbidden to insult an allied state or its representatives or sickles—we mean symbols. We assume this provision will apply in reverse to former allies like the United States. These measures are being taken to prepare the

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The Nation, published weekly and copyright, 1948, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 20 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Advertising and Circulation Representative for Continental Europe: Publicitas.
Subscription Prices: Domestic—One year $6; Two years $10; Three years $14. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.
Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.
Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

republic for the government drive for production under its five-year plan, which will begin January 1. It remains to be seen whether the Good Soldier Schweik will do his part.

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"IF YOU'RE SMART ENOUGH," AS THE *NEW Yorker's* A. J. Liebling once wrote, "You can kick yourself in the seat of the pants, grab yourself by the back of the collar, and throw yourself out on the sidewalk." A fine demonstration of the validity of Liebling's Law has now been provided by Representative J. Parnell Thomas of New Jersey, the blustering chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. After months of merrily hauling various citizens before the committee, snarling at them, calling them "reds," denying them a defense, and generally destroying their reputations and their peace of mind, he today finds himself facing charges of a more serious nature than those laid at the door of many of his victims. For some time, Drew Pearson has been accusing Mr. Thomas of putting his sisters and his cousins and his aunts on the payroll for performing phantom jobs, of taking "kickbacks" from them and from other employees, and of having accepted $850 for arranging "easy" army service for two constituents. Now, in response to a demand for an investigation made by seventeen New Jersey attorneys of varying political complexion, the FBI is making a preliminary inquiry into the charges. It will be interesting to see if Mr. Thomas thinks well enough of the Constitution to invoke his privilege against self-incrimination. In any event, his tribulations will provide bright reading in the dreary winter months.

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THE RECENT WAGE INCREASES GRANTED voluntarily to operating railway employees may seem unwise because of the need to halt further rises in prices and the fact that the cost of food has recently been declining. It must be remembered, however, that this is a belated concession which can only bring the railroad workers abreast of others, like the miners, who have already won their "third round" of wage increases. There is also good reason to believe that recent drops in the price of meat are only temporary. These price cuts may not be, as Chester Bowles contends, a plot to influence the election, but at least they are the result of a seasonal marketing of beef cattle. The bumper corn crop will not lead to a larger supply of pork products until the new pigs can be bred and fattened. This may occur in 1949. It will take even longer to increase materially the numbers of marketable steers. The fall in the prices of cereal crops may have some sympathetic effects on other food prices, though no drastic changes are to be expected. Meanwhile, industrial relations on the railroads are not yet fully stable, for the non-operating unions have still to settle their wage demands.

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A SEVENTY-SIX-YEAR-OLD MISCEGENATION statute in California was declared unconstitutional by the state's Supreme Court on October 2. Twenty-nine states have similar laws, and this was the first to be invalidated. In a stirring majority opinion, Justice Roger Traynor declared that "marriage is something more than a civil contract, subject to regulation by the state. It is a fundamental right of free men." Justice Jesse Carter, in a concurring opinion, bluntly characterized statutes of this kind as the product of "ignorance, prejudice, and intolerance." The case arose out of the denial of a marriage license to Sylvester S. Davis, a Negro graduate of Los Angeles City College, and his white fiancee, Andrea D. Perez, both Catholics. Credit for this victory for civil rights goes to Daniel G. Marshall, chairman of the Catholic Inter-Racial Council of Los Angeles, who represented the petitioners. Marshall's achievement is a personal triumph, for most of the civil-rights organizations failed or refused to participate in the case on the assumption that miscegenation statutes could not be successfully challenged in the courts. In some respects, the decision is the most important civil-rights victory that racial minorities have yet won in American courts, for it was Blackstone himself who observed that the ban against intermarriage is the invariable hallmark of slavery.

U. N. Comes Through

WHEN the three Western powers made it known that they intended to submit the dispute about Berlin to the United Nations, it was generally assumed that this action would be a gesture without any tangible outcome. Although the submission would be an entirely proper appeal to the record, there was little hope that it would contribute to the cause of international peace. All nations except the Soviet Union and its satellites would, it was expected, support any resolution desired by Britain, France, and the United States, but Russia would find a way to obstruct action by the Security Council and would ignore any decision by the Assembly. The Soviet Union might even withdraw from the organization, and the crisis would be left exactly as it was, while the prestige of the U. N. would perhaps be disastrously weakened.

Whatever the eventual outcome, the session in Paris has at the beginning revealed an unexpected capacity for preventing the hostility between the East and the West from hardening into a form which would make compromise impossible. On every basic issue, one side or the other has made at least slightly altered proposals, and the smaller powers, instead of hastening to the support of the chief contestants, have delayed action in order to explore every possibility of adjustment. The opinion of the world cannot accept a final split among the Big Four while the spokesmen for the great powers strive to win that opinion by appealing to the general longing for peace and justice.

Vishinsky's opening suggestion that every nation reduce its armament by one-third within a year was in accord with a general desire to reduce the arms burden, even though the suggestion will not be adopted while the present inequality of the forces in Europe is so great and there is no means of inspection or control beyond the iron curtain. The Russian delegate had somewhat more success with his proposal for the simultaneous signing of conventions prohibiting the atom bomb and setting up measures for its control. Though it is clear that the West would not be adequately safeguarded merely by the signature of treaties, and that the control must be in actual working order before those who have the bomb can relinquish it, this suggestion may offer the groundwork for further exploration of the problem. A group of small nations led by Australia, Syria, and New Zealand is opposing the decision of the United States to recommend discontinuance of meetings of the Atomic Energy Commission, even though they support the plan of the commission majority, which Russia has rejected.

On the Berlin issue, Philip Jessup for the United States has met the conciliatory mood of the session more than halfway. Although he firmly supported the basic position of the Western powers, he left the way open for several means of settlement. His offer to consider the whole problem of Germany in a new meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers if Russia would lift the blockade of Berlin would, if accepted, make possible a discussion which the Russians have ardently desired since the beginning of recent negotiations. It marks a change from the position that the discussion must be confined to the status of Berlin alone until that issue is settled.

It may be difficult for the Kremlin to find a way of ending a blockade which it does not admit exists, but if the Russians really wish to negotiate further, they ought to be able to devise a method of saving face. Certainly, they could lose nothing by permitting traffic into Berlin which they would have the power to stop again whenever they wished. Less widely noticed passages of Mr. Jessup's speech might, in the end, prove to be even more significant. He stated that his country was offering no cut-and-dried formula but would be willing to entertain any means of adjustment possible under the U. N. Charter, including mediation or submission of the issue to the World Court. This is not the language of a diplomat delivering an ultimatum.

The speeches of Marshall, Bevin, and other representatives of the Western democracies have left no doubt that they will not retreat farther before a display of Soviet force, and that they regard Russia as the aggressor. The fear which has been aroused among the non-Communist European democracies by Russian action has been

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made exceedingly plain in the words of Spaak of Belgium and others. But everybody concerned has been eager to give the Soviet Union an opportunity to achieve a settlement, if that is what the Communist leaders want. On the very lowest terms, the Paris meeting would seem to make possible some new procedure which can amount to a truce and can favor delay of any further hostilities in the cold war. If Russia chooses to regard this reaction as a sign of weakness and presses forward with new aggressive action, there would be less doubt than ever where the fault lies. Even in this case, the United Nations will have performed a useful service.

Cautious Tom

WHEN Governor Dewey launched his campaign at Des Moines a few weeks ago, he promised his audience: "I will not offer one solution to one group and another solution to another group." He has kept his word. To date, he has offered no solution to any group on any question. We understand, without enjoying, the *Wall Street Journal's* explanation that "Governor Dewey can get elected without too many commitments to a diversity of interests," and we have no doubt that this is the Governor's line of reasoning. Yet the *Journal,* for all its sympathy, adds the hope that the Republican nominee will after all unbend enough to let people know how his political philosophy will "find expression in specific cases." A modest request, it seems to us, and one in which we enthusiastically join.

Seeking first some light on Mr. Dewey's plans for checking inflation, we carefully examined his San Francisco speech on the subject. We found that "inflation cannot be cured in a free country by any trick devices." We learned that the Administration was trying to gull the public into believing that it could be cured "by some painless, patented panacea and that—if only it were not for the Congress—the secret of that cure would be revealed." Is Dewey referring, in his coy, remote way, to price control? And if so, has Canada ceased to be a free country? He doesn't say. And has the Governor a policy of his own that is not tricky, not a painless fraud? Yes, he has a five-point formula, to wit: "an administration of able and honest men and women"; "a brake on unnecessary government spending"; reduction of the national debt; elimination of "speculating profiteers" from the public payroll; and steps to "release the initiative . . . of our people in a great upsurge of production"—chiefly by "tax policies which stimulate new ventures."

As a treatment of the country's major domestic problem, the Dewey analysis leaves us high in the air. "Able and honest men and women" may be just what the government needs, but not even Boss Tweed would have run on a plank calling for incompetent and dishonest men and women. A handful of "speculating profiteers" in government might conceivably have accounted for one ten-thousandth of the present inflation, though a Congressional investigation has turned up no such villainy. And the Republican tax policy has done little to bring on the "upsurge of production" the Governor speaks of. As for reduction of the public debt, that can be done only by obtaining a budget surplus, an objective the Republican Congress queered by this same tax-reduction program, so favored by Mr. Dewey.

This leaves us with only the "brake on unnecessary government spending," and unfortunately the Governor gives no hint as to what budget items he would regard as unnecessary. As Sylvia Porter points out in the New York *Post,* "more than 75 per cent of our federal budget is devoted to four items—national defense, foreign aid, veterans' benefits, and interest on the public debt." Mr. Dewey enthusiastically backs the first three, and the last is inescapable. He has already promised the farmers that, in spite of what they may have heard from Harold Stassen, the Republicans will leave them their government price supports. And he has quieted rebellious murmurs in the West by proclaiming it his life's passion to promote great reclamation projects and conserve the region's timber, soil, and wildlife—all systematically exploited for years with the help of certain Republican statesmen whose reelection he paradoxically demands.

Just where, then, we should like to know, would Mr. Dewey apply that brake on government spending? And while he ponders the answer, we can think up a few more questions that might bring his campaign down from its present plane of lofty inanity. We think a good many people would like to know, for example, whether his interest in great river projects extends to the distribution of power over government-owned lines.

Dewey has avoided hysteria on the Communist issue and pledged himself against a system of "thought police," but precisely where does he stand on the procedures of the Thomas committee? He is for ending "the tragic neglect of our ancient friend and ally, China," but we have searched his comments in vain for even a hint of a policy in this sphere—especially one that would not involve more government spending. With the election only three weeks off, we have yet to learn whether the Governor plans to push the civil-rights program drawn up by his opponent. His lieutenants have let it be known that he is piqued because Secretary Marshall appeared to favor the Bernadotte plan for Israel without consulting Republican leaders, but he has carefully refrained from putting forth his own views on the subject.

According to the Baltimore *Sun,* Tom Dewey "is a middle-of-the-road man if ever we saw one." How can the *Sun* tell, when Dewey won't get out on the road?

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Franco and the West

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Paris, October 8

WHEN I addressed the Council of Interparliamentary Union in Rome six weeks ago, I warned that the Spanish problem could not be disposed of by pretending to ignore its existence. A few weeks later in Paris I repeated the warning at the Anglo-American Press Club, where I had the honor of sharing the speakers' platform with Dr. Herbert V. Evatt, president of the Assembly of the United Nations.

Now that the Assembly is in session, it is apparent to everyone that Britain and the United States were sadly mistaken in thinking that they could liquidate the Spanish issue simply by taking it off the agenda of the Security Council last August. The French government showed the way in 1946 when it closed the Spanish border. But it was left standing alone, and after a year and a half of hopeful waiting it was obliged to take the road to Canossa and reopen the frontier. This was done reluctantly after the failure of two representations to the State Department, one by Léon Blum and the other by a distinguished but necessarily anonymous authority.

Secretary of State Byrnes told Blum that the return of the Spanish Republican government would be the first step toward a Communist Spain. Under Secretary Lovett dismissed the other démarche with the curt remark that he already had too many headaches. When I heard of Lovett's reaction, I predicted that Spain would one day become a headache too big for all the aspirin in the world to cure. Britain obediently followed the American lead. Last year Foreign Secretary Bevin at one time encouraged the Spanish right-wing Socialists to abandon the idea of a Republican restoration and to make a deal with Don Juan; but the following month the Labor government concluded a new financial arrangement with Franco.

Today London and Washington are paying heavily for their failure to adopt a coherent democratic policy toward Spain. Last week might be described as American week for Spain. This week will probably be Britain's turn, and the confusion and improvisation of the first will surely be repeated. The American campaign began with a parade of prominent individuals—Senator Gurney, James J. Farley, and Eric Johnston—who went to Madrid to pay their respects to the fascist dictator. The State Department promptly denied any change in its official attitude toward Franco, but the cynical, mundane delegate of Bolivia, Costa du Rels, who opposed Franco in 1946 but is now working for his backdoor admission to the Assembly via the specialized agencies, knows better.

He is privately assuring his Latin American colleagues that Franco is a sure bet. He has the tip straight from an important member of the U. S. delegation. I cannot adequately describe the reaction of disgust in Assembly circles to America's open courtship of the man who prayed for a Hitler victory. Washington wants a quick settlement of the Spanish problem which will enable the United States to incorporate the strategic Iberian Peninsula into the Western military system. One difficulty is that Franco, finding himself in so much demand, has decided to play "hard to get." The story is being told that at the conference with Senator Gurney and the American military advisers the dictator, for ten minutes, forgot to invite his visitors to sit down. Even from the military point of view, Senator Gurney's approach is wrong, for to think that the people of Spain could be led to war under Franco is simply fantastic.

But Franco is not the only stumbling-block to American hegemony in the shaping of Western foreign policy. The European countries are not yet reduced to a state of complete dependence. The first symptom of revolt manifested itself in France. The French Socialists have already made enormous concessions. But everything has its limits. The Spanish Republican cause is far more popular in France and in Europe generally than the State Department imagines. Last Wednesday the central committee of the Socialist Party decided that unless the French government actively opposed any direct or indirect attempt to smuggle Franco into the world organization, the Socialist ministers would resign from the Queuille Cabinet. There was a similar revolt in the Scandinavian delegations.

Bevin's position found support in an announcement by Prieto that the deal with the monarchists on which he had been working for more than a year had led to an accord. About the significance of the pact the greatest confusion exists at the moment, partly because Gil Robles has denied that he signed it. Without Gil Robles's sup-

Senator Chan Gurney, now campaigning for a military alliance with Franco, has a voting record which amply demonstrates his consistent attachment to the cause of reaction. In some twenty-three divisions in the Eightieth Congress he has been found on the liberal side on but four occasions: three times in favor of ECA and once for rent control. On taxes, reciprocal trade, admission of D. P.'s, inflation, education, social security, TVA, soil conservation, railroad exemption from anti-trust laws, and other causes he has spoken in terms that would greatly please his Spanish friend.

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port the pact loses much of its value. Premier Albornoz of the Spanish Republican government in exile, speaking yesterday before the permanent committee of the Cortes, said, "Until I do not see the name of Don Juan on the pact, I do not take it seriously." Apart from whether or not the pact is an effective betrayal of the Republican cause by Prieto and his right-wing Socialists, the fact remains that the British are opposing to the American policy of unreserved support for Franco their own policy of trying, by their talk of a monarchy, to minimize the international scandal of taking Franco into the Western bloc. The British forget that monarchy in Spain can come only with Franco's blessing. It cannot come against his opposition.

British and American policies on Spain may differ in form but not in their aim, which is to deny the Spanish people the right freely to decide their destiny. But the cause of the Spanish Republic is still very much alive, as the coming weeks at the U. N. will show.

Cripps Meets the Press

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

PUBLIC information has been of paramount concern to Sir Stafford Cripps, Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, ever since he became responsible for planning recovery. He knew he must call on a war-weary people to work harder and consume less and could not hope to succeed unless he put before them all the available facts. This task has been undertaken with the help of many different media—pamphlets, billboards, exhibitions, films, and advertisements. Last but not least, Cripps has sought the aid of the press by giving reporters frequent opportunities to cross-examine him.

Last spring I attended one of his regular press conferences at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, along with 150 to 200 others representing not only the British press but papers in all parts of the world. Cripps, puffing comfortably on his beloved pipe, took all the questions on the fly, never referring to a note or seeking a "prompt" from his aides, framing his replies so as to make the most complicated matters crystal clear. One or two questions he skilfully evaded; a few dealing with international negotiations he refused to answer. All in all he proved himself a master of the press-conference technique.

On October 5 I attended another of Sir Stafford's press conferences, this time at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. He began with a few brief remarks on the improvement in British trade during the past year and the extent of British assistance to Western Europe. When he invited questions, they came thick and fast. It was hardly surprising that he seemed a little tense. But he was unfailing in both clarity and courtesy, and when his hour's ordeal ended there was a round of applause from the hard-boiled audience.

It is possible for me only to summarize baldly some of the more important points of the conference. Of the upward trend of British exports and production the Chancellor was able to give an encouraging account. He declared that the recently announced slow-down in demobilization and the increase in output of certain weapons would not seriously encroach on supplies of scarce materials and man-power. But he declined to prophesy about the likelihood of a further increase in arms expenditure and its economic effects.

Several American commentators have recently suggested that Britain is "dragging its feet" in regard to the mutual-aid program of the Marshall Plan nations. Cripps dealt faithfully with these charges. Since the war ended, he said, Britain had provided these same countries with $2 billion worth of assistance. Now under the European payments scheme, it has offered to supply this year $500 million worth of "unrequited exports." That is to say, its exports to these countries will exceed imports from them by this amount, a contribution requiring an equivalent sacrifice of consumption in Britain. Referring indirectly to reports that Britain was hindering the integration of European economy by its objections to a customs union, Cripps suggested that the Office of European Economic Cooperation was the most hopeful instrument for such integration and for assembling the knowledge necessary for permanent correlation of Western European economies.

The Labor government's nationalization policies inspired a number of needling questions. Sir Stafford asserted that the coal industry, which had been declining under private ownership, was now attracting more men and that productivity had risen, though the Coal Board's big capital-reconstruction program could not yield results for some time to come. As to the government's further plans, its objective had always been a mixed economy, and its nationalization measures had been limited to the industries specifically mentioned in its election platform. Of these, only steel remained to be dealt with, and its turn was coming in the next session of Parliament.

In 1934, Cripps reminded us, the British steel industry was given tariff protection by a Tory government on condition that it made itself more efficient. What it did, in fact, was to reorganize as a very tight cartel. The choice, therefore, is between private monopoly and public monopoly, and the Labor government has stuck to its plans for the second, because, said Sir Stafford, "we believe that both from the strategic and the industrial point of view, it will give us a greater security as to necessary supplies of steel at a reasonable cost." When we consider how little the British steel industry did to modernize and expand its facilities in pre-war years and how handicapped Britain is today by shortage of steel, the case for nationalization is clear.

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An Appeal to Reason and Conscience

In Defense of the Right of Freedom of Inquiry in the United States

[*Copies of the statement printed below, signed by 107 prominent Americans, have been sent to the United States Department of Education, to all state commissioners of education, to the superintendents of schools of leading cities, and to Mayor William O'Dwyer, the Board of Higher Education, and the Board of Superintendents of New York City.*]

ON JUNE 8 the Board of Superintendents of New York City's schools closed the schools to *The Nation*, the oldest liberal magazine in the United States. This action was taken without advance notice to *The Nation* or to the people of the city, without a hearing, and without announcement of any kind, either to the magazine or to the public. The only opportunity afforded to the magazine to defend itself, or to citizens to be heard, was at a meeting of the board from which the press was excluded, and which was called as a result of public protests some weeks after the decision had accidentally become known. After this proceeding, the board reaffirmed its decision by unanimous vote. Other communities thereupon followed suit by similar unilateral action. In Massachusetts *The Nation* was banned from the state's teachers' colleges by a public official who admitted he had not, at the time of the banning, himself investigated the reason given by the New York Board for its action.

That reason was the publication by *The Nation* in 1947 and 1948 of a series of articles by Paul Blanshard, for many years Commissioner of Investigations and Accounts of the City of New York in the LaGuardia Administration. Mr. Blanshard's articles described and criticized the official position of the Catholic church in such matters as education, science, medicine, marriage and divorce, democracy and fascism. The board stated that there were passages in these articles which a Catholic would find objectionable on grounds of faith.

It is the opinion of the undersigned that the action of the New York Board of Superintendents raises an issue of the greatest gravity to the people of the city and of the country. It is not an issue between Catholics and non-Catholics. There are Catholics among us, and none of us, whether Catholic or not, have been moved to protest by reason of hostility to the Catholic faith. Neither is the issue raised a mere issue of fact with regard to the articles themselves. We agree with the board that there are sincere Catholics and men of good-will who object on grounds of faith to certain statements in Mr. Blanshard's articles. Indeed, some of us who are not Catholics disagree with certain of Mr. Blanshard's statements.

The issue as we see it is the issue of principle which the board's action and the board's statements in defense of its action present. The question before the board was not the question of the suitability of *The Nation* as a textbook in the city's schools. The question was whether *The Nation*, which had long been one of the periodicals available to New York students, should continue to be available to them. In ruling that it should not, and in giving the publication of the Blanshard articles as justification, the board in effect enunciated two propositions both of which in our opinion are contrary to American ideas of freedom and destructive of American principles.

The first is the proposition that any published material which is regarded, or which could be regarded, as objectionable on grounds of faith or creed by any group in the community should be excluded from the community's schools and school libraries.

The second is the proposition that the appearance in any publication of material of this kind justifies the suppression in schools and school libraries of the publication as a whole. In the case of a periodical this means that the past publication of such material justifies the suppression of future issues regardless of the general character and record of the periodical.

The vice of the second of these two propositions is apparent upon its face. The exclusion from public institutions, by public officials, of future issues of newspapers, magazines, or other periodicals on the basis of particular material published in the past, rather than on the basis of the character of the publication as a whole, cannot be defended even as censorship. It is extra-judicial punishment pure and simple, and it involves a power of intimidation and possible blackmail in officials of government which no free society can tolerate and which a free press could not long survive. To permit public officials, in their unlimited, extra-judicial discretion, to stigmatize an established and respected magazine or newspaper as unfit for students to read because of the publication of a specific article or series of articles, or of particular paragraphs in a specific article or series, is to confer an arbitrary and dictatorial power which is wholly foreign to the American tradition and to the laws and Constitution in which the American tradition is expressed.

The first proposition—that any publication objectionable on grounds of faith to any group in the community should be suppressed in the schools—though more plausible on its face, is equally vicious in fact. It is a repudiation, on one side, of the principle of freedom of education;

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on the other, of the principle of the separation of church and state. The meaning of that latter tenet, so far as education is concerned, is that no church may use the public schools as instruments of its propaganda. To give the churches of the country, or any of their members who might seek to exercise it, the power to determine by simple veto what shall *not* be available to students in the public schools, or, worse, for public officials to exclude automatically anything any group might be expected to wish excluded, is to do by negative action what the Constitution and the courts forbid by positive action.

The argument offered in defense of this revolutionary proposal is apparently that religion cannot be criticized in American education. There is nothing in American law or in the American tradition which says that religion cannot be criticized in education, nor does the principle of the separation of church and state involve any such consequence. On the contrary, the American Republic was founded, and the American continent was settled, by people whose actions were in large part an expression of their criticism of certain established religions. Criticism of religion can certainly take forms which are unsuitable to schools, just as political controversy can take forms which are the opposite of instructive. But the doctrine that the criticism of religion must be outlawed *as such* in American education is a proposition which has no justification in American experience. Ignorance is notoriously the worst foundation for tolerance, and the American people have never felt that education should teach their children to be blind.

The truth is that the suppression of ideas impoverishes human life and warps the human mind in an increasing and progressive sickness. Those who practice it are led by the logic of one exclusion to the tragedy of the next. If the suppression of *The Nation* for having published the Blanshard articles is allowed to stand, and if the propositions upon which it is justified are accepted, the consequences to the schools, to the press, and to the vitality of American freedom may well be very serious indeed. Newspapers and periodicals will be obliged to omit news and comment which any group in any denomination, Catholic or other, regards as objectionable or run the risk of being suppressed in the public schools, with all that such suppression means in terms of the loss of good name and good-will. The standard of education will become the teaching, not of the truth, but of that part of the truth to which no group objects—with the result that the bigotry and ignorance of minorities will dictate the knowledge of the whole people. Scientific works containing accepted scientific facts about the shape of the earth, the history of the universe, and the functions of

[*Continued on page 447*]

Expedience as Usual

BY THOMAS SANCTON

Washington

THE nation's master-plan for industrial remobilization is being assembled in Washington at an accelerating pace as a result of the Berlin crisis. Enough of its major provisions have now been made public to provide a fair picture of what a future war will require in terms of war-time industrial organizations, leadership, and basic policy.

In the matter of two policies over which fundamental controversies arose during the last war—namely, the monopoly of prime contracts by a small group of corporations, and the appointment of business men as government officials to monitor and negotiate contracts in their own industries—it is now becoming apparent that the more war changes strategically the more it is the same thing for the business group. Industry men dominate the policy-making staffs of the powerful National Security Resources Board and guide the stockpiling functions of the Munitions Board. Moreover, the bulk of the legal controls that are being prepared under twenty titles in a new omnibus Emergency War Powers Act seem thus far to anticipate man-power and wage-price problems rather than the problem of achieving a centralized direction of industry. Stiffer tax rates will be imposed on corporations as on the population as a whole, and allocations, priorities, and compulsory production schedules will be reinstituted. But the present plan to freeze the economy overnight if war comes would also perpetuate the highest corporation earning rate in history. Democratic political control and motivation, which though often compromised were never completely sacrificed during President Roosevelt's war administration, have been drastically diminished; and the influence of non-industry economists and production specialists—that younger group of "bureaucrats" whose energy and grasp of the total production problem contributed so much to victory—has declined proportionately.

Clemenceau's aphorism to the effect that "war is too serious a business to be left to the generals" is applicable to some extent also to industrialists and business executives. Though the leading industrialists active in Washington today are men of proved brilliance in their respective fields, all have spent the greater part of their lives driving toward relatively short-range goals within the narrow horizons of competitive business. This background creates a tendency to rely upon measures of ex-

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pedience, and an intolerance for political and philosophical concepts.

In our two most recent wars massive economic factors which do not exist today contributed far more to "the miracle of production" than did the administrative genius of a relatively small group of business executives. In each war we possessed a trained working force and material reserves far beyond the resources of either our allies or our enemies in Europe and Asia. To attain a rapid and flexible production schedule the nation could afford the high cost of methods which skimmed the cream of our available resources, entailed great waste, and failed to bring small marginal producers fully into the program. Yet had the war lasted eight years instead of four, the invisible mountains of waste and the lost productive capacity would have become dangerously costly.

THE present planners insist that the pre-Pearl Harbor paralysis of industrial initiative—for example, the auto industry's brush-off of pre-war conversion plans—will not happen again. Today the intention is to provide a program within each industry for its quick conversion to peak war-time levels. As a starter the National Security Resources Board has surveyed the present capacity of 299 machine-tool plants and has distributed stand-by contracts for 100,000 units. Chairman Arthur Hill estimates that this step alone will save "six months to a year" in any future reconversion period. Each plant in the meantime will draw up its own detailed transition program.

Nevertheless, as one reads the few industry-written surveys which have been completed out of some thirty projected, the persistent emphasis on "voluntary participation" and the old familiar hymns of praise to business leadership inevitably raise memories of pre-Pearl Harbor complacency. The scrap-steel report, for example, first outlines the serious shortage of scrap, then makes a recommendation against stockpiling as unwise competitive pressure on private production. Technically this might be a sound decision, but in the language of the document the old tones of self-interest are heard again.

> Such an operation as stockpiling for practical reasons could be undertaken only when the industry is operating well below peak performance over a reasonable period of time, when scrap or pig iron would be available and presumably at lower relative prices. . . . We must trust to the genius, initiative, and energy, at the time of any emergency, of the patriots in charge of the nation's affairs, to cope with unpredictable realities.

On the positive side of the ledger, the board's blueprint provides for important organizational changes which will make it far superior to the conglomerate and overlapping agencies of the last war. One significant shift unifies *all* traffic programs under a single transport office. This agency will supersede even the Maritime Commission and Air Transport Services, besides administering the land carriers formerly under the ODT.

Moreover, the NSRB starts off with a firmer status, for it has been created and its functions have been defined by statute rather than by executive order. This also is true of the Munitions Board and its stockpiling agency, whose functions are coordinated with those of the NSRB. When stockpiling was begun in 1947, a five-year program costing $3,400,000,000 was envisaged. Now the agency is trying to speed the process, for only 20 per cent of the total goal has been collected and 85 per cent of all stockpiled items must be imported. The stockpiles of some half-dozen minor items have been completed, but the program is in difficulties with respect to manganese—needed for alloy steels—and other critical items. This agency, like NSRB, proceeds largely in compliance with the advice given by industry committees. It attempts to avoid competitive buying of raw materials which are in short supply. The question arises here as to the value of a stockpiling program which founders at critical points out of deference to private industry.

THE Munitions Board has been authorized to spend $300,000,000 on subsidy-type contracts to induce marginal producers of copper and other scarce materials to go back into production. As a further means of solving the growing metals shortage Congress created the machinery for a voluntary allocations program in metals, and industry meetings will be held shortly to establish quotas for copper, lead and bismuth, zinc and cadmium.

As part of its allocations program the Munitions Board has asked the managements of 12,000 plants in the "prime and first level of subcontracting" category to study their productive capacities and raw-materials requirements for full-scale war production. This is an obvious planning asset so far as it goes, but it omits the approximately 50,000 smaller plants throughout the country which the board at present has neither the facilities to study nor the inclination to deal with. The board says it relies on the prime contractors to bring as many of these small plants into the program as possible. This, however, seems an extremely weak approach in the light of the costly experience of the last war. For these prime contractors prefer to deal only with themselves and their subsidiaries, and in another war the industrial concentrations of these firms in areas like Pittsburgh and Detroit would be highly vulnerable to attack—as leading atomic specialists have already warned. Thus the productive potential of 50,000 small factories dispersed across the country is more important now than before.

The NSRB itself has issued a booklet urging industries to decentralize wherever possible and to locate new plant sites at a distance from congested target areas and communities of more than 50,000 population. "There is no known military defense against the atom bomb itself except peace," says the booklet.

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Slow-Bell Campaign in the Northwest

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Portland, Ore., October 8

WHEN Thomas E. Dewey came to Portland to talk about conservation, Oregon's Republican Governor, John H. Hall, was kept discreetly out of sight. Hall had just sold 5,818,000 board-feet of Ponderosa pine timber on school lands to a buyer represented by Oregon's Republican national committeeman. The price was $18 a thousand feet. Leading lumbermen and foresters maintained that the state should have received at least $35 a thousand feet, and Hall was advised not to board the Dewey victory special lest he embarrass his party's Presidential nominee, who had made a fervent pledge to preserve the forests, rivers, and wild life of the Columbia River Basin. This carefully rigged setting is typical of the methods the Republican Party is using to carry—it has not done so since 1928 in a national election—the country's vast Northwest.

The Northwest is a region where elections have often been fought out with six-shooters and loggers' spikes, but this year the struggle is hushed and muted. Neither side can work up any enthusiasm. Dewey drove through Portland to applause so feeble it would not have brought a vaudeville hoofer back for an encore. Yet he is practically certain to win in Oregon. A brakeman on the Great Northern told me he was struck by the scarcity of campaign buttons. "You used to see the coaches full of Roosevelt buttons and the Pullman fares wearing the latest Republican decoration," he said. "Now you don't hear folks mention the election. This campaign is sure proceeding under a slow bell."

Lack of money is almost silencing the Democratic campaign. Up to the middle of September the Republicans in Oregon had collected $77,578, the Democrats less than $3,000. Large newspaper ads and spot radio announcements tell listeners when to tune in on speeches by Dewey and Warren. Truman's air time is listed in the agate type of station programs, if at all.

Yet poor, beleaguered Mr. Truman, deserted by many of his regime's job-holders, vilified by Harry Bridges and abandoned by Bridges's arch enemy, Dave Beck, has one asset which is beginning to tell in the Northwest. This is the suspicion with which the average voter regards Governor Dewey's political party. Portland is traditionally Republican, but since Labor Day 6,753 Portland residents have registered as Republicans and 9,616 as Democrats. In the recent primaries in the state of Washington the total vote for the Democratic aspirants to the governorship exceeded the Republican total by 27,124 votes. After the count the Hearst Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, G. O. P. down to its classified columns, admitted that "forecasters who earlier had predicted a Republican walkaway in the November 2 finals were toning down these predictions."

Washington, queen state of the Northwest, now has more inhabitants than either Connecticut or Maryland. Its population gain has been 43 per cent since 1940. The large number of newcomers, many of them industrial workers in the younger age groups, give the President a better chance in Washington than in any other state in the region. Oregon and Idaho are probably lost to the Democrats, though Roosevelt romped away with both of them four times. Montana will be close; Mr. Truman could be on top in lonely Nevada.

The miners of Butte, the lumberjacks of the Willamette valley, and the fishermen of the San Juan Islands used to ring doorbells and swing fists at the drop of a hat for Roosevelt. The familiar picture of "A Gallant Leader" hung in the windows of innumerable frame houses. But the adherence of Mr. Truman's followers is so tepid that no zeal or fire is transmitted to others. One reason appears to be the widespread feeling that the President's word does not always square with his deed. For all his many talks about public power, federal agencies concerned with hydroelectricity are in one of their quiescent periods. The President has come out strongly for the development of Alaska, but his new Secretary of Commerce, Charles Sawyer, has just closed down the department's only field office in the territory. Monopolies are an Administration target; yet Secretary Krug has indorsed a bill which would strengthen the Alaska salmon monopoly.

Except in Washington, most Democratic strategists in the Northwest have thrown in the towel so far as the President is concerned, but for many important local candidates hopes are brighter. In these contests the main peril to the Democrats lies in the votes which may be won by the nominees of the Progressive Party. And in such contests Wallace's party stands nakedly revealed.

The principal effort of the Progressives is concentrated against a trio of New Deal Democrats in Washington—Governor Monrad Wallgren, Representative Henry M. Jackson in the northern Puget Sound Congressional

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER is well known as an acute observer of economic and political conditions in the Northwest. Articles by him appear frequently in The Nation *and other publications.*

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district, and ex-Senator Hugh B. Mitchell, running for the House in Seattle. All these men are liberal on the issues that are paramount for the region, particularly water power and conservation. It is significant that the Progressive Party has entered no candidates in eastern Washington districts, where hard-shell G. O. P. isolationists are up for reelection.

THE great prize in the Northwest is the governorship of Washington, now a state of 2,487,000 people. In 1944 Wallgren won it by a narrow margin from the incumbent, Arthur B. Langlie, a close friend of Governor Dewey's who was chosen as his Western sponsor at Philadelphia last June. Wallgren is one of the few men in public life who have continued to work for a Columbia Valley Authority, which was the vehicle that took to the Senate Glen Taylor of Idaho, vice-presidential nominee of the Progressive Party.

Wallgren, however, is devoted personally to his old Senate crony, Harry Truman, and often admits this in his speeches. So the Wallace people are running against him State Treasurer Russell Fluent, never considered close enough to liberals in the past to communicate with them by smoke signals. Bitter hatred for Wallgren seems to be Fluent's chief qualification. Yet he could take sufficient votes from the Democrats to decide the contest between Wallgren and Langlie.

Even more disturbing is the entrance of a Progressive Party candidate against Representative Jackson in Washington's timbered Second District. Jackson, a thirty-five-year-old New Deal Democrat, scholarly and sincere, is regarded as a possible future United States Senator. He was in favor of all the thirteen House bills listed as of major importance by Americans for Democratic Action. But because he supports the Marshall Plan, the Wallace people have entered a candidate in the district. The ruse will probably fail to elect Jackson's isolationist Republican adversary, for the young New Dealer is extraordinarily popular, and there is no evidence that the Progressive Party has any labor following.

Opposition from the new party is more serious for Hugh Mitchell in Seattle, the erstwhile stronghold of ex-Representative Hugh De Lacy, now an organizer for the Progressives in New York and Ohio. As a Senate appointee of Governor Wallgren, the forty-one-year-old Mitchell made an outstanding record for two years, only to be eliminated in the 1946 Republican uprising by Harry Cain, who is now flirting with Buchmanism, lying down on Grand Coulee appropriations, and otherwise making even conservative newspaper editors in Washington wish they had never helped elect him. Mitchell's Republican opponent is Representative Homer Jones, a reactionary who voted for the motion bringing the Taft-Hartley bill before the House but against the bill itself. This shifty performance has given some trade unions an excuse to smile on Jones. Dave Beck of the Teamsters, after being a beneficiary of Democratic policies for sixteen years, shows signs of desiring to make new political connections which will be momentarily more advantageous to Beck. If Mitchell wins, it will be by a slender margin. Votes for the Progressive Party entrant, a former state legislator named William J. Pennock, could shunt victory to the Republicans.

Two United States Senators will be elected in the Northwest. As Oregon has not chosen a Democratic Senator since 1914, the colorless American Legion politician, Guy Cordon, is probably in no danger. His opponent is a bright young C. I. O. official, Manley J. Wilson, editor of the weekly *Woodworker*. A leader of the anti-Communist wing of the big forest union, Wilson would be a fine Senator, for he has long had an outstanding liberal voting record in the lower house of the Oregon legislature. Cordon is a possibility for Dewey's Cabinet. Although conservative on practically every issue involving labor and prices, he has stayed on the correct side of the power question. Catholics might be cool to his appointment, because he was in the forefront of the opposition to granting a federal charter to the Catholic War Veterans of America.

In Idaho the situation is different. Were it not for the disrupting influence of Senator Glen Taylor and his associates on the Progressive Party ticket, it is likely that Supreme Court Justice Bert H. Miller could retire one of the most reactionary and isolationist members of the Senate, Henry C. Dworshak, publisher of the Burley *Bulletin* in the Snake River valley. Shake Curly Brooks and John Bricker together, add a dash of Chapman Revercomb, and you have Dworshak. Against the Marshall Plan, against the amendment to admit Jewish displaced persons to America, against the St. Lawrence seaway, against public housing, his voting record in the Senate is far more reactionary than that of Taft.

With a united Democratic Party behind him, Justice Miller could send Dworshak back to Burley. But the bolt by Glen Taylor has divided the Democrats, and, further weakening Miller's chances, the Progressives have entered John Derr of Clarks Fork in the Senatorial race. Some observers believe that Taylor and his confederates want Dworshak to stay in office because of his rabid isolationism; others think Taylor prefers an all-out reactionary as his Idaho colleague to serve as a foil.

In some state legislative districts in Oregon the Progressives are running as independent candidates the wives of men who were defeated by New Deal Democrats in the primaries. This is obviously a trick to capitalize on name familiarity and confuse the voters; it smacks of the "Grocer George" knavery used against the illustrious Norris in Nebraska in 1930. It is a strange tactic for a party whose members, in the words of Senator Taylor, "feel good inside."

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POLITICS AND PEOPLE

Tour of the Border States

BY ROBERT BENDINER

II. Kentucky

Louisville

CROSSING the line from West Virginia, one finds in this Commonwealth a political picture exactly the reverse of its eastern neighbor's. Whereas President Truman will certainly lag behind an otherwise strong ticket in West Virginia and perhaps lose the state, he is reasonably certain not only to win here but to run well ahead of the Honorable Virgil Chapman, his party's curious choice for the Senate.

Kentucky's liberals are divided into three groups with respect to the Senatorial campaign: those who actively favor the reelection of the Republican nominee, John Sherman Cooper; those who hope Chapman will win only because they want to see the Democrats organize the Senate; and those who, to water down the comment of a local labor leader, say, "Cooper is no damn good, but he's better than Chapman."

In the first group, though as yet unofficially, are the leading lights of the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* which to Kentucky's advantage blankets the state. While this estimable paper has not yet taken a position, its hopes are clearly for a split ticket—Truman and Barkley at the top and the Republican Cooper for the Senate. "He would have been a Democrat," one of the *Courier's* top men told me, "if he hadn't come from the Republican mountain area in the eastern part of the state." And at that he is said to have voted with the Administration at least as often as his Democratic opponent, who is just rounding out his eleventh term in the House. In those twenty-two years of service Chapman has, in fact, shown almost no interest whatever in anything but maintaining a good price for tobacco. I was told, too, and with monotonous regularity, that his personal habits have not endeared him to the citizens of a state that makes money from bourbon but is dry to the extent of 90 counties out of 120.

The second group of liberals, those who are for Chapman out of party loyalty, are apologetic in varying degree. "There is some danger," one of them told me with a smile, "that our man will win." A high party official in the state conceded that the Congressman was "individualistic" and primarily concerned with rendering the tobacco growers that "personal service which he is known for" and which has earned him the title of "Mr. Tobacco." It is hardly a secret that Senator Barkley is of the group that regards Chapman as an embarrassment imposed on the party by the strong-willed Governor, Earle C. Clements, as payment on a political obligation. But Barkley, like Wilson Wyatt and other liberals of unquestioned integrity, is thinking primarily of capturing the Senate—an argument, incidentally, that leaves other liberals cold when they think of the mossbacks whose seniority would give them control of the leading committees in the event of a Democratic victory.

The third group, organized labor, has not yet made up its unhappy mind. Neither the C. I. O. nor the A. F. of L., which incidentally work together here to a degree unattained in other parts of the country, is ready to go on record. Their leaders point out that both nominees voted for the Taft-Hartley act and to override the President's veto. If anything, the labor people lean toward Cooper, who has at least indicated that he is not flatly opposed to amending the law, whereas Chapman, who is also on record for the Case anti-labor bill and against the wage-hour act, has made no gesture at all in labor's direction. On the contrary, he has refused to indorse his party's platform, which calls for repeal of the Taft-Hartley act. Some observers attribute this reticence to an alleged leaning toward the states' rights movement, which has the sympathy of some of the "old families" that Chapman's Blue Grass district produces along with tobacco and good horses. On the whole, however, the Dixiecrats amount to little in Kentucky—even with the support of the Woodford *Sun,* distinguished organ of the distinguished "Happy" Chandler.

Wallace sentiment, incidentally, appears to be even more negligible than that for the Dixiecrats, and is steadily declining. When the third-party nominee spoke here early in the year, he attracted an audience of 2,600; last month he drew an estimated 800. The Progressives have their own Senatorial candidate in the field, but in spite of the Chapman-Cooper dilemma confronting labor, he will be very lucky to get 20,000 votes out of an expected total of more than 700,000.

Where the campaign here is not purely mechanical, it is personal, in keeping with a state that has always rated color highly in its political life. Only rarely does one encounter a man like Mark Ethridge, the *Courier-Journal's* publisher, who approaches the election in terms of foreign policy, from which he says all other policies must now derive and which leads him to favor a "good internationalist like Cooper over the provincial and ignorant 'Mr. Tobacco.'" What confuses matters on this score is that both Senatorial aspirants voted for full Marshall Plan appropriations, and Chapman's internationalism, on the record, rose above Cooper's when it came to voting an extension of the reciprocal trade agreements.

There is literally no issue here that can be decisive. While a united labor movement in the Louisville area made an extremely impressive showing against Chapman in the primaries, the trade unions are too small a force in the state as a whole to make much of the Taft-Hartley act, even if both candidates had not supported it. With 70 per cent of Kentucky agricultural, prices are not a

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political issue, and there is no disposition to make them an issue even in the cities. The Communist bugaboo is too remote to be of much assistance to the Republicans in this state, where the *Courier-Journal* constantly inveighs against the Un-American Affairs Committee without noticeable loss in circulation. It could hardly be effective strategy in any case, since Chapman, the Democrat, supported both the committee and the Mundt-Nixon bill.

With the issues so blurred and overlapping, the emphasis falls on the nominees themselves. Cooper talks of his record and reminds his audiences of the value of having a Senator of the majority party, but what you are likely to hear about him is simply that he is a "gentleman," that he made a fine war record with Patton's Third Army, that he is a handsome, upstanding citizen and has an attractive family. All this in marked contrast to an aging opponent of unprepossessing appearance who, besides an alleged over-fondness for hard liquor, has been openly charged with having failed to pay his income tax for some years until the matter was emphatically brought to his attention.

Making up for Chapman, however, the Democrats have a tower of strength in Alben Barkley, who has not lost an election in his home state since 1923. It is not too much to say that Barkley is revered here, among other reasons, for having remained after forty years in public office so poor that he had to take on paid speeches to pay his wife's hospital bills. His wit, too, is a source of pride to the Commonwealth. The Barkleyism most quoted at the moment is his reply to a Republican pledge to "stabilize the farmer." Stumped for a time as to what this meant, Barkley says, the meaning finally dawned on him: "The Republicans are planning to take the farmer out of his house and put him in the stable."

A poll of county judges taken by the *Courier-Journal* early in September showed precisely the split vote that most liberals here desire to see. The judges were asked not for their own choices but for their estimate as to the vote of their respective counties. Extending the figures to the state as a whole, the poll-takers predicted that Truman and Barkley would carry the state by 35,000 votes and that Cooper would retain his Republican Senate seat by 30,000. Professional Democrats, however, make out a reasonable case for regarding this poll as wishful rather than scientific. Should Truman carry the state by as little as 35,000 votes, Cooper could conceivably pick up enough split ballots to slip in, although the installation of voting machines in Louisville and Lexington has seriously reduced the likelihood of extensive "scratching." But except for the freak year of 1928, when the Republicans carried the state, the Democrats have always piled up a far more impressive plurality than 35,000 in Presidential elections. Their margin in 1932 was approximately 180,000; in 1936, 172,000; in 1940, 146,000; and in 1944, 80,000. Even allowing for the expected slump in Democratic fortunes, the presence of Barkley on the ticket should keep the margin from falling more than 20,000 below the last figure. If so, the Democrats may well take over the Senate with a bow in the direction of the dubious Mr. Chapman—in which case party leaders can only hope that he will duplicate the absentee record he made in the House, where in 1946 he missed 41 roll-call votes out of 130.

Science Notebook

BY LEONARD ENGEL

GOVERNOR DEWEY has made it plain that a Republican victory will be followed by an attempt to scuttle the Atomic Energy Act and turn atomic energy over to private industry. In his campaign speech at Phoenix, Arizona, he said that the "dead hand of political authority" threatens atomic progress, and announced his intention, if elected, of ending the government atomic-energy monopoly. "I propose," he said, "that we . . . give American initiative and skill a chance to turn this power to productive account."

In his characteristically evasive way Dewey gave no hint of just what he proposes. A plan for sweeping revision of the McMahon act, however, is already in circulation. While it has not been indorsed by Dewey or any other important Republican, it has the in-principle support of a powerful publishing organization.

The plan in question is elaborated in the July and August issue of *Nucleonics,* a McGraw-Hill magazine, in editorials signed by Walter M. De Cew, acting editor. Briefly, De Cew makes these proposals: (1) transfer of our stockpile of atom bombs and atomic weapons—both now in the hands of the Atomic Energy Commission—to the military; (2) sale of fissionable material at Oak Ridge and Hanford, and later of the plants themselves, to private industry; (3) private construction and ownership of future production and power plants; (4) reduction of the A. E. C. to a regulatory and research agency with strictly circumscribed powers; (5) establishment of a Cabinet-level part-time committee for coordinating the nation's atomic-energy activities.

It is possible that Dewey will wish to retain civilian custody of the stockpile of bombs, since that gives the President a powerful means of control over the military. Most of De Cew's other proposals, however, are just what has been wanted right along by some big-business interests for which Dewey speaks. From the very start these interests have viewed the McMahon act's provisions for permanent nationalization of atomic-energy resources and facilities as something to be tolerated only as long as politically necessary and as long as atomic energy had merely military importance. Now the A. E. C. has announced that construction of the first full-scale atomic-power plant will begin next spring and that it will be in operation in three years or less; a recent A. E. C. report indicates, moreover, that the atomic-power industry may reach the size of the coal-power industry within twenty years. Plainly, the enemies of the Atomic Energy Act think the time to strike is now.

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Labor's Stake in the Election

BY JACK KROLL

LABOR has a huge stake in the 1948 election. The issues mean more than politics. They mean our bread and butter, our civil and political rights, the security of our country. On the outcome depends the welfare of all our people and the usefulness of our unions for a decade to come.

The Eightieth Congress drew the issues sharply. The reactionary Republicans teamed up with the Dixiecrats to scuttle every move to provide the American people with adequate housing. They blocked every effort to establish the civil rights guaranteed by the Constitution. They blocked health insurance; they stripped millions of Social Security protection; they gutted the Labor Department; they crippled the TVA. They enforced a spare-the-rich tax policy and loaded the cost of government upon the wage-earner and the salaried man. They allowed high prices to eat up the value of our wages week by week, drove one family out of every four to using its savings and then into debt. Whenever an effort was made to curb the high cost of living, the reactionary Republicans and the Dixiecrats stopped it cold. They rammed through the Taft-Hartley act, and now we learn—through the amazing candor of Representative Hartley—that there is worse to come. Hartley complains in his recent book that the Republican leadership held up other labor legislation because "they had an election to win."

The American people suffered these things from a reactionary majority in Congress when there was a President in the White House fighting the people's battle. What should we suffer under a President hand-picked by the great interests that grew fat upon the dominant policy of the Eightieth Congress? We know, because Hartley has told us, that we should face harsh new labor laws. We know, because Thomas E. Dewey has told us, that atomic power would be turned over to private business, to be exploited for the profit of private business. We know, because Representative Taber has told us, what cynical philosophy would guide such an Administration. "The trick," said he, "is to pluck the goose with the least amount of hissing."

We should be geese indeed if we sat on our hands in this campaign and left President Truman and Senator Barkley and the Senators and Representatives who have carried on the fight for the American people to wage their desperate battle without our help. We are not doing that. We have learned better. We are hissing.

We know that political action is the key to survival. All the things that make up our lives—wages and prices and taxes, civil rights and public policy, war and peace—are determined by political action. But political action does not consist only in issuing statements, printing articles, sending out pamphlets. All these things are needful, but they are only auxiliary. Our job is to translate the words into a program and the program into an organization. The C. I. O. Political Action Committee was blessed in having for its first director Sidney Hillman, who saw that the first job was education. We must teach people what the issues mean in terms of bread and butter and personal safety; what the Congress and the President, the legislatures and the Governors, have done, are doing, and—as far as the record can show—will do.

THE P. A. C. does not tell people how to vote. Once they know the facts there is no doubt about how they will vote. Will any man knowingly vote to pay heavy taxes, just so others who make much more than he will be able to pay small taxes? Will any man knowingly vote to pay higher prices for his food and clothes and shelter in order to pile up huge profits for big business? Will any man knowingly vote to give away his property—or the common property, like atomic power—so that a few people can make money out of it?

Knowingly, people do not do such things. Our major job is to see that they know. When the P. A. C. indorses a candidate, of either party, it is because of his record on the issues. And our aim then is to sell not the candidate but his stand on the issues. That is the task of education, a full-time, year-round job for the P. A. C.

There remains the task of getting out the vote. That is not only the problem of the P. A. C.; it is a national problem. Dr. George Gallup, who is something of an expert, calls it a national scandal that often less than half, never much more than half, of the Americans who can vote do so. The machine men, the men with special interests, the reactionary blocs, vote. But the great masses of the people often do not. When they do go to the polls, they win.

This fall more than ninety-four million Americans will be eligible to vote. The goal of the P. A. C. is that sixty million of them shall do so. That will be a new record for our country, in numbers, but not in percentages, for up to the first war 65 or 70 per cent of our voters regularly went to the polls. Our goal this fall calls for a turnout of about 63 per cent. In the years to

JACK KROLL is the director of the C. I. O. Political Action Committee.

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come we hope to set, and to reach, higher and higher goals.

How shall these sixty million people be persuaded to take part in our public life? Sidney Hillman saw at the start that our organization must reach individual voters. We are proceeding according to his plan. Wherever the P. A. C. is active, you will find block workers. They come from the membership of the C. I. O. local unions and from the ranks of their friends and relatives. The huge gains in registration all over the country have in a large degree been brought about by the P. A. C.—that is, by our block workers. And our block workers will be busy on November 2.

But the P. A. C. does not stop there. This election is not the war; it is only a battle. The P. A. C. is a continuous enterprise. That, too, is a lesson labor has learned. We have seen the force of the lobbies that are kept in Washington all the year round—the real-estate lobby, the N. A. M. lobby, the various industrial lobbies. Our political action must be continuous too. The special interests get results that way. We shall see to it in the future that they get fewer results, and the people more.

Our organization in the field, our real organization, will keep on working. We plan to have more block workers, not to disband those we have. The P. A. C. has been slow in the building but it is ready for the election of 1948, and it will be bigger and stronger in the elections to come. Reactionaries would like to see labor's power for political action fall away when the votes have been counted in November, but they might as well put away their hopes. Our work of political education will go on. Our reports to the people on officials and on issues will continue.

P. A. C. is here to stay.

Freak Year in Texas

BY STUART LONG

Austin, Texas

EVER since Texas Democrats got back the right to vote in 1871, the Democratic nominees for state and Congressional offices have had little trouble in winning the election. Few have even bothered to campaign, once they have won the Democratic primary in the summer. But this year Texas Democrats will have to work to elect their candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, and the Democratic nominee for the United States Senate seat now held by W. Lee O'Daniel will have to put up a real fight to beat his Republican rival. The transformation of Texas into a two-party state may be in the offing.

This strange state of affairs has been brought about by a number of factors: (1) Truman's civil-rights program and the opening it gave to Southern conservatives who are nominally Democrats but whose political philosophy is that of the Republicans; (2) a militant, liberal, middle-of-the-road coalition which captured control of the state Democratic machine at the state convention in September and ordered a purge of all precinct and county officers who refused to pledge support for Truman and Barkley; (3) the Wallace candidacy, which is expected to draw about 5 per cent of the vote away from the Democratic ticket; (4) the red-hot primary contest for the United States Senate, in which Representative Lyndon B. Johnson, a one-time New Dealer, beat a conservative former governor, Coke R. Stevenson, by eighty-seven votes out of nearly a million cast.

STUART LONG is a free-lance journalist who writes chiefly about Texas politics.

The civil-rights program is the worst of the Democrats' worries in Texas. The Dixiecrats, organized in Texas as the States' Rights Party, got Thurmond and Wright on the November ballot, but are running no candidates for other offices. A referendum placed on the Democratic primary ballot in Houston showed that 40,000 "Democrats" favored Thurmond and Wright, 20,000 Truman and Barkley; 30,000 didn't vote on the complicated question posed on the ballot.

A well-financed propaganda campaign against the civil-rights proposals has been under way in Texas ever since President Truman's message on the subject. It has scored well in east Texas, where the Negro population is as much as 60 per cent of the total in some counties, but has had no effect in south Texas, where a majority of the population is of Mexican extraction. In west Texas, which has practically no Negroes, the Dixiecrats have found few followers. With money enough for many full-page newspaper ads and statewide radio broadcasts, they seem certain, however, to poll a heavy vote in the whole state, probably nearly as large as that of the Republicans.

The Dixiecrats are the same crowd that in 1944, led by attorneys for major oil companies and other Eastern corporations, obtained control of the state Democratic machinery and almost kept Roosevelt and Truman off the November ballot. This year they are stronger and better financed—and Truman is easier to tear down than Roosevelt. Dixiecrat propaganda has convinced most

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Eckhardt—courtesy the *Texas Advocate*

Coke R. Stevenson

Texans that Truman advocates an end to segregation in housing, education, hospitals, and employment. It makes a big point of the claim that he wants white and Negro women to use the same rest rooms. So far no one has bothered to refute these charges, and so they are widely believed. The Dixiecrats have polished up the Truman program so well that it would meet all the standards of New York liberals.

The coalition which is now engaged in expelling Dixiecrats from Democratic Party offices will do its part in running up the Dixiecrat vote in November by irritating the sores caused by the civil-rights program. If the liberals manage to keep control of the party machinery for the next four years, the rebels of 1944 and 1948 may accept the standing invitation of the Republican Party to come over and join them.

Most members of the coalition, however, are opposed to the civil-rights program, and the state Democratic platform condemned the FEPC, which has been the center of Dixiecrat attacks. One of the coalition leaders is Governor Beauford Jester, who led the anti-Truman fight in Texas before the Philadelphia convention but stuck with the nominees once they were chosen. Democratic nominees for Congress and state office are in general giving lip service to Truman and Barkley but very little else.

The Progressive Party, running Wallace and Taylor, is relatively unimportant. It was significant that enough liberals remained in the Democratic Party—after the defection of some to Wallace—to capture the party machinery. Public-opinion polls in Texas give Wallace a descending percentage: his 8 per cent of last spring is now down to 3.

Truman leaders are secretly glad that Thurmond is on the ballot, because they know he will pull Dewey down farther than Wallace will pull Truman. Only in the event that Dewey runs surprisingly well will Wallace strength contribute to defeating Truman. Although Thurmond will do well in east Texas, Truman should pile up enough of a lead in other parts of the state to win comfortably. Dewey is likely to run third this time.

In the Senate race Johnson started as a New Dealer, but the Texas State Federation of Labor, A. F. of L., indorsed Stevenson because Johnson had voted for the Taft-Hartley act. Johnson constantly moved to the right during the campaign, and Stevenson moved to the left. On primary day they were both at dead center. The vote-tabulating lasted a week. Democratic chairmen in the 254 counties checked their tally sheets with representatives from both camps watching over their shoulders. The state Democratic Executive Committee added up the reports of the county chairmen. The final figures showed Johnson eighty-seven votes ahead, but Stevenson charged that he had been counted out in three south Texas counties and asked that the committee declare him the winner. In a dramatic scene the committee voted, twenty-nine to twenty-eight, to certify Johnson as the winner.

Stevenson took his case to the federal courts, and District Judge T. Whitfield Davidson, a Roosevelt-appointed judge who has soured on the New Deal, issued a temporary injunction preventing Johnson's name from being printed on the November ballot, pending an investigation into Stevenson's charges of fraud. Johnson's battery of lawyers, headed by former Governor James V. Allred, appealed to the federal Circuit Court and was refused relief. Allred then took Johnson's case to Justice Hugo Black of the United States Supreme Court, contending that the federal District Court had no jurisdiction over a Texas primary contest. Justice Black held that Judge Davidson had exceeded his authority in keeping Johnson's name off the ballot and dissolved the injunction, letting Secretary of State Paul Brown add Johnson's name by telegraph just as the ballot went to the printers in each of the 254 counties. Now the whole Supreme Court has confirmed Black's decision.

MEANWHILE, H. J. Porter, the Republican nominee for Senator, has indicated that he will make an extensive and expensive campaign. And apparently Stevenson's friends will do all they can to elect Porter over Johnson. With no Dixiecrat candidate for the Senate, Porter expects to get all of the Dewey and most of the Thurmond votes, while Johnson will get most of the Truman votes. Thus for the first time since Reconstruction days a Republican has a fighting chance to go to the United States Senate from Texas. Since there is a possibility that the Democrats may pick up a couple of Senators in border states, a Republican victory in Texas could make the difference between Democratic and Republican control of the Senate.

Texans are happy about one thing. They are rid of Pappy O'Daniel, who voted so often with the Republicans.

While Republican chances in Texas are limited to the Senatorial contest, success there, plus a national Dewey landslide, might encourage many Dixiecrats to enter the Republican camp. If they would stay there all the time, instead of just in Presidential election years, the Republicans would have a strong minority party in Texas,

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capable of winning a statewide election whenever the Democrats nominate a weak candidate.

One big result of the political confusion in Texas may be the repeal of the poll tax. Governor Jester has advocated it as part of a state civil-rights program, and it is written into the state Democratic platform. It will have a good chance in the January legislative session.

Typical of the current confusion is the dispute over who is the Democratic national committeeman from Texas. Wright Morrow of Houston was chosen in May. In September the state convention voted to oust him and put Byron Skelton of Temple in his place. When Truman toured Texas, both Morrow and Skelton went along. In Temple, Truman was introduced by Skelton; in Hillsboro, Morrow's former home, by Morrow.

The Oil Men Invade Hollywood

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

Los Angeles

ATTRACTED by the bright lights, the girls, the glamor, and the publicity, millionaires from the oil fields of Texas are flocking to Hollywood for a fling at motion pictures. The early-day tycoons, the men whom F. Scott Fitzgerald called "the last tycoons," worried by shrinking foreign markets, the side-swiping of J. Parnell Thomas, and the specter of television, are showing a tendency to back away from the industry they founded, and their weariness is providing the brash young men from Texas with an opportunity to take over. Needless to say, Hollywood's large assortment of professional hangers-on, always eager to clip a new batch of "suckers," are encouraging the Texans to think of themselves as talented impresarios. While the spectacle which is shaping up promises to be exciting, it has brought consternation to the best talents in the industry, already deeply disturbed by what has happened in Hollywood since the producers so ignominiously capitulated to the Thomas committee.

Howard Hughes is, of course, a familiar figure in Hollywood. He even has a few fans there who remember "Scarface," "Hell's Angels," and "The Front Page." But with his purchase of the RKO studios Hughes has become, not another eccentric having some fun producing motion pictures, but a major cog in the industry. Most people in Hollywood regard it as highly unfortunate that the first studio to be lost to the Texans should have been RKO. For while Dore Schary was in charge of production, RKO was in some respects the most enterprising of the big studios. What it will be like under the aegis of the Houston multimillionaire is indicated by a number of straws in the wind.

Before Mr. Schary left RKO to return to M-G-M, he had scheduled two productions of special interest. One was a story called "The Boy with the Green Hair," and the other was "Battleground," which dealt with the Battle of the Bulge. Both stories had a definite "anti-war" slant. "The Boy with the Green Hair" was completed just as Howard Hughes purchased RKO. Hughes and Floyd Odlum ordered the film to be given a "preparedness" angle, and a number of scenes to be changed. An intramural battle resulted, and there is a remote chance that the original may yet be saved. "Battleground," which Schary had projected as a semi-documentary and had intended as a tribute to the American G. I., has been canceled by Hughes, who has expressed on more than one occasion his distaste for what he calls "think" pictures. In place of "Battleground" Hughes has scheduled a picture entitled "I Married a Communist."

In the footsteps of Hughes another multimillionaire from Texas has now appeared on the scene. Glenn McCarthy is said to have a fortune in excess of $150,000,000. In 1932 he was working as a "pump monkey" in a filling station for $15 a week. Today he owns, in addition to his oil holdings, a $15,000,000 chemical works, a bank, a radio station, several weekly newspapers, extensive ranch and cattle interests, large aviation holdings, and a $25,000,000 hotel and civic-center structure. Like Hughes, McCarthy has an aversion to "think" pictures. His first production, now in process, will be "The Green Promise," listed as a "simple story" about the 4-H Clubs ("Heart, Head, Health, and Hand"). Other Texas millionaires who have suddenly become producers are Tom Fogelson and Jack Wrather, a relative-in-law of "Pappy" O'Daniel's.

Oil and motion pictures are not quite as antithetical as might be imagined. Both make a strong appeal to men with a bent for gambling. Hollywood has always had its "wildcat" productions. In motion pictures as in oil the "producer" is likely either to strike it rich or to come up with a "dry hole." Most of the Texans who are now invading Hollywood, and contributing to its current demoralization, are men with fabulous monthly incomes. As shrewd business men they are looking around for ways in which they can acquire some "profitable" business losses for tax-deduction purposes. Hollywood is a good place to have an exciting time while losing money —and there is always the chance of making a rich strike.

If the invasion of Texans continues at the present rate, Hollywood may well become a suburb of Houston. The old hands in the industry are philosophical about this latest turn of the wheel of fortune. Everything has happened to them, and with the cynicism born of their connection with the world's most cynical industry, they are inclined to think that they may still be around when the Texans have spent their millions.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

EFFORTS OF AFFECTION

Genesis tells us of Jubal and Jabal.
One handled the harp and one herded the cattle.

Unhackneyed Shakespeare's
"Hay, sweet hay, which hath no fellow,"
Love's extraordinary-ordinary stubbornness—
Like La Fontaine's "done
by each as if by each alone,"
smiling and stemming distraction;
    How welcome.

Vermin-proof and pilfer-proof, integration
In which unself-righteousness humbles inspection.

"You know I'm not a saint!" Sainted obsession.
The bleeding-heart's—that strange rubber fern's—attraction

Puts perfume to shame.
Unsheared sprays of elephant-ears
Do not make a selfish end look like a noble one.
Truly, as the sun
can rot or mend, love can make one
bestial, or make a beast a man.
    Bless wholeness—

Namely wholesomeness too tough for infraction.
No saint? A godsend. Bless efforts of affection.

MARIANNE CRAIG MOORE

EDMUND WILSON: A REEXAMINATION

BY IRVING HOWE

FOR many young Americans who reached the crucial years of mid-adolescence in the thirties, a handful of books came to represent what might be called the shock of adulthood. Beard destroyed the pleasant legend of an uncontaminated nation; Sherwood Anderson told us what "real life" was like; Dos Passos and Malraux made the class struggle seem part of our intimate lives; and Edmund Wilson's "Axel's Castle" introduced us to modern literature. Remembering our admiration for Wilson's blend of avant-garde culture and social radicalism, we can easily understand why we thought of him as the kind of intellectual we too should like to become.

In the thirties Wilson was almost always referred to as America's leading critic. Today it is hardly a secret that among people actively concerned with literary matters his reputation has sharply declined; the literary magazines print numerous attacks on his work; and the boys and girls dreaming of glory no longer look to him as the model he once seemed to be.*

It would be pleasant to believe that this radical shift of feeling is due to some large improvement in public taste. But it seems more likely that Wilson's work is suspect because, from its very assumptions, it conflicts head-on with current critical practice. His essays are informed by and interwoven with social insights, are morally active and sometimes even moralistic, and are expansive and bland in tone; they seldom examine the formal structure of a work of art; and their central concern is usually with the relationship of the work to its creator's life or times. Now, for good or bad, this is precisely the way not to describe most of the serious criticism written today.

Rereading Wilson's books, I have become convinced that the contrast between his work and that of the "new critics" is not merely between two kinds of criticism but between two radically divergent views of the intellectual life. It is with regard to that aggravating problem—what shall an intellectual be?—that Wilson remains a vital force in American writing.

What seems to me most admirable in Wilson's work is its suggestion of a man deeply aware of the responsibilities of the intellectual life, even when he cannot cope with them; a literary man trying to live up to the dictum that, whatever else, the criticism of literature should not be merely a criticism of literature. Sacrificing intensity for scope, his restless and curious mind roams through the labyrinths of modern thought and feeling—often, yes, rather bewildered, but at least it roams. And if, like the John Jay Chapman who is the subject of one of Wilson's most sympathetic and self-revelatory essays, the trials of the journey deflect him from its goal, why, that is an honorable loss. It is honorable especially when one sees how many of Wilson's contemporaries stayed home, dry and warm.

To be, to become an intellectual—this was the implicit purpose of Wilson's career. In what other recent American critic can one find such diversified strivings and such satisfying curiosities: for the wound that crippled Kipling, for the urge in Lenin's youth that led him to the most disciplined life of the century, for the personal center of feeling in Eliot which, rather than any doctrine, was the source of his work, for the conflicts in Michelet's mind that caused his prose to trip and hesitate, for the rhythms that controlled Pushkin's poetry, and for the meaning of Trotsky's romance with history?

As a critic who left exegesis and scholarship to others, Wilson sought

* A few examples of the current reestimation of Wilson's work: the chapter on him in Stanley Hyman's "The Armed Vision"; an essay by Robert Adams in *Sewanee Review*, spring, 1948; a review by Leslie Fiedler in the *New World*, December 13, 1947. The first is simply mean-spirited, the second clever but unconvincing, and the third is the best statement of the case against Wilson that I have read.

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rather for relationships, patterns, connections. He tried to be the critic of both literature and society, of the human imagination and the human predicament. That he often failed seems now of secondary importance. What is so impressive about "To the Finland Station" is not anything it says but rather the sheer fact that an American literary man should have written it at all. Because of his boldness and scope Wilson still seems the central figure in the tragic parabola of American intellectual experience in the thirties: the break-through to radicalism, the realization that Europe extended beyond the Left Bank, and the painful retreat from politics. At the very least, Wilson absorbed to the full of his capacity the experience his time could afford him. Of how many others could that be said?

THE TROUBLE was, however, that Wilson had too empirical a mind. He saw the need for theory but could not grapple with the niceties of Marxism; when he discussed Marxian economics he was obviously ill at ease. He almost instinctively reached out for impromptu aesthetic formulations but could not work out a usable aesthetics. Most of his aesthetic improvisations are shallow and flimsy: what is the causal relationship between the wound and the bow? were Yeats and Eliot really making the same journey to the same castle? and—painful recollection—is verse a dying technique?

Even Wilson's modest self-description as a historical critic is not very accurate. In his work there is none of the social density, the soaked-up material of history that distinguishes Taine at his best. For all its brilliance, Wilson's essay on Kipling suffers most precisely from a lack of historical sense. And though extremely gifted at portraying individual historical figures, he lacked the ability to show history in movement, which is why "To the Finland Station" is like a series of unconnected but superbly colored slides.

Here, then, was one of Wilson's most pressing dilemmas—the conflict between his quest for some organizing principle with which to interpret or some dominant feeling with which to react to his experience and his so distinctively American habit of viewing things empirically and casually.

Perhaps it was this very conflict, with its tributary tensions, that gave such richness to Wilson's individual pieces. If you forget about the general question of the artist's wound and his bow, you can enjoy, in the essay on Kipling, the sight of an agile and sensitive mind digging into a neglected writer's life, there to find the hidden springs of pain from which flows the subsequent career. If a test of the critic is that he makes you eager to turn or return to a writer, then Wilson's essays on Kipling, Dickens, Housman, and Shaw, to name but a few, are first-rate pieces of criticism.

Taken individually, most of the essays stand up under rereading. Even when one feels some irritation at Wilson's excessive casualness, his skimming rather than digging, one must grant that from the essays there almost always emerges an integrated, tenable estimate of the writer and his work. Nor is it true that the essays are merely "introductions" or summaries of a writer's work. The distinction between an "introductory" essay and a deep criticism is often absurd, anyway; a critic either has something to say or he does not. And with the exception of one or two

HOPE

The spirit killeth, but the
letter giveth life.

The week is dealt out like a hand
That children pick up card by card.
One keeps getting the same hand.
One keeps getting the same card.

But twice a day—except on Saturday—
But every day—except on Sunday—
The wheel stops, there is a catch in Time:
With a hiss of soles, a rattle of tin,
My own gray Daemon pauses on the stair,
My own bald Fortune lifts me by the hair.

Woe's me! Woe's me! In Folly's mailbox
Still laughs the postcard, Hope:
Your uncle in Australia
Has died and you are Pope.
For many a soul has entertained
A Mailman unawares—
And as you cry, Impossible,
A step is on the stairs.

One keeps getting the same dream
Delayed, marked *Postage Due,*
The bill that one has paid
Delayed, marked *Payment Due,*

Twice a day, in a rotting mailbox,
The white grubs are new:
And Faith, once more, is mine
Faithfully, but Charity
Writes hopefully about a new
Asylum—but Hope is as good as new.

Woe's me! Woe's me! In Folly's mailbox
Still laughs the postcard, Hope:
Your uncle in Australia
Has died and you are Pope.
For many a soul has entertained
A Mailman unawares—
And as you cry, Impossible,
A step is on the stairs.

RANDALL JARRELL

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VAE VICTIS

The Romans have invaded us again,
That decadent nation, with the melancholy
Under the ostentation and the bronze,
Corrupted by their own imposing folly,
The bands and banners, cruelty and games,
Misgivers, dressed in attitudes of scorn,
Victorious over green battalions,
Summer's luxurious easy army slain.

They line our highways, confiscate our corn,
Possess our fields, and set our woods in flames.
Each year they come, each year they flash and shine,
Proud in imperial purple, orange, gold,
Maroon, magenta, madder, carmine, wine,
Vermilion, umber, arrogant and bold.

Each year, some morning finds them driven forth
In panic by a rumor from the north,
Their camps forsaken, flying for their lives
Before the keen barbarians, armed with knives,
The fierce and terrible Scythians, whose breath
Sets in the crimson vein the blue of death.

Alarm, alarm! The fires burn black by dawn,
The wavering legions vanish and are gone,
Leaving no monument, no trace to mark
The mutinous disorder in the dark,
Except the hue of blood, the deep red stain
Where some courageous officer was slain,
Or, it may be, a cloak of scarlet, found
Under a maple, on the frozen ground.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

chapters, such as the one on Yeats, even Wilson's most primer-like book, "Axel's Castle," contains valuable pieces. As for plot summaries, this is one of his genuine talents: the ordering, as in the remarkable essay on Proust, of a narrative or its themes in such a way as to render implicitly a critical judgment.

Except with regard to writers, such as Kafka, who are temperamentally alien to him, and to modern American poetry, about which he seems to have slight powers of judgment, Wilson's taste is secure and fine. Sustaining the taste, perhaps an essential part of it, is his style —lucid, controlled, mobile, though at times a trifle porous. One reads him with genuine pleasure for the sheer qualities of his language—particularly after having been subjected to the writings of our virtuoso critics, one of whom recently began a book on literary criticism by saying that he had no desire to be "stylistically impressive."

But, above all, the sense of life, the feeling for textures of experience and the talent for recreating an immediate human situation—this is the aspect of Wilson's criticism that persists with us. They live, these unhappy thwarted creatures to whom Wilson is so invariably drawn; and who will dare say that, even in the total absence of textual criticism, the act of bringing an author to life is not part of the job of bringing the work itself to life?

How characteristically American is this obsessive search for life, for both the fulness of its passage and some means with which to shore it. One thinks of James, of Henry Adams and Chapman, those lost men of the late nineteenth century who felt themselves squeezed out and yet bitterly strove for something they could hardly name but which, against the wall, they might have called life. From such men is Wilson descended. Which is why, as his detractors point out accurately enough, there is in his work a certain suspicion and uneasiness about literature itself. But the source of this unadmirable suspicion is itself quite admirable, and is also the root of much that is admirable in the work. Doggedly if uneasily Wilson always sought for the relationship between the written word and the felt experience, between literature and life. He was never quite sure what that relationship was, but it is to his credit that he could not shake off the question or pass it by with a phrase; he could not respond like an academic to whom brute experience is as annoying as a mongrel wandering into a classroom at the climax of a lecture.

That Wilson had to pay a heavy price for this quest I should not deny; on the contrary, the quest and the price went together, for as he wrote in "I Thought of Daisy," "any great strength or excellence . . . carries with it weaknesses and ignominies." His final reward was that he developed, after all the stresses and strains of his effort, an integrated literary personality. It was not merely the same man, it was the same writer, who wrote the social reportage of "The American Jitters" and the discussion of "Eugene Onégin." This, surely, is something of a rarity at a time when our critical essays seem so flavorless that they might as well have all been turned out of a sausage machine. Wilson wrote from the center of his personality, ambivalent like all others, warm and harsh, friendly and snobbish, but a personality that was his own.

Undoubtedly, there is a great deal of snobbishness in his work. But what redeems it is that Wilson himself has been aware of this snobbishness and has made his conflict with it the central theme of his fiction. This, I would suggest, is an act of some courage, and it has brought down on his head the moralizing of prigs who write as if Wilson were the only snob in America and all the rest of us lamb-like Christians. The conflict between snobbishness and sincerity recorded by Wilson is common to every American intellectual, though Wilson is one of the few who has been honest enough to write about it in detail. It is this fact which makes his fiction, even when one is most aware of its deficiencies, so persistently interesting.

In his ultimate importance for American letters Wilson must be seen as a writer rather than a critic. A pre-corporate personality, Wilson has resisted the trend of American writing to become as dreadfully specialized as American life, with the result that the total

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effect and meaning of his work exceed his achievement as critic or novelist.

Wilson is one of those odd Americans, not the least worthy, who were caught between two phases of American life and could find a place in neither. This is his underlying obsessive concern, and it leads him to seek symbolic versions of it in the lives of the writers he discusses. In a very beautiful essay, "The Old Stone House," he describes a visit to the now abandoned old house in a half-abandoned town in upstate New York where he had lived as a boy. It is a heavily nostalgic piece, as is everything else he has written. He reflects that "there will presently perhaps be little left but our house confronting the hot-dog stand and the gas station." And as he returns to the city he recognizes the cause of his gloom: "to have left that early world behind, yet never to have made myself comfortable in what was till yesterday the new."

It is, then, as the fragmentary and undeliberate historian of the changing quality of American life that one values Wilson most. No one, I think, has recorded with greater honesty and deeper feeling the long journey from Red Bank, New Jersey, and Talcottville, New York, to Axel's Castle and the Finland Station. In the end, one misses what should be Wilson's masterpiece—the full-scale history of the transformation of American life that roughly coincided with his own life-span. But in its absence the moving record of Edmund Wilson's experience, as noted directly in the reportage and indirectly in the criticism, stands as an important part of our history. It is highly imperfect, far more so than Adams's record, and it is almost as fragmentary as that of Chapman—but it does stand.

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and career. Yet the man who knew Henry Thoreau best spoke of "his simple and hidden life" and so summed up the difficulties for all succeeding biographers.

It testifies to Emerson's perceptiveness that these later biographers have ordinarily either produced factual accounts, innocent of any real interpretation, or romanticized Thoreau's life to fit a thesis. The first kind of biographer has seen Thoreau too much from without; the second has viewed him cosily from within. With a single exception, the best factual biography is H. S. Salt's. Salt was an Englishman, a vegetarian, and a friend of Gandhi. His book, published in 1890, is as plain and functional as English food. The interpretative works are various, and their titles announce the particular interpretation. Thoreau is explained as the Poet-Naturalist or the Cosmic Yankee or the Bachelor of Nature—or, to the French reader, the Savage.

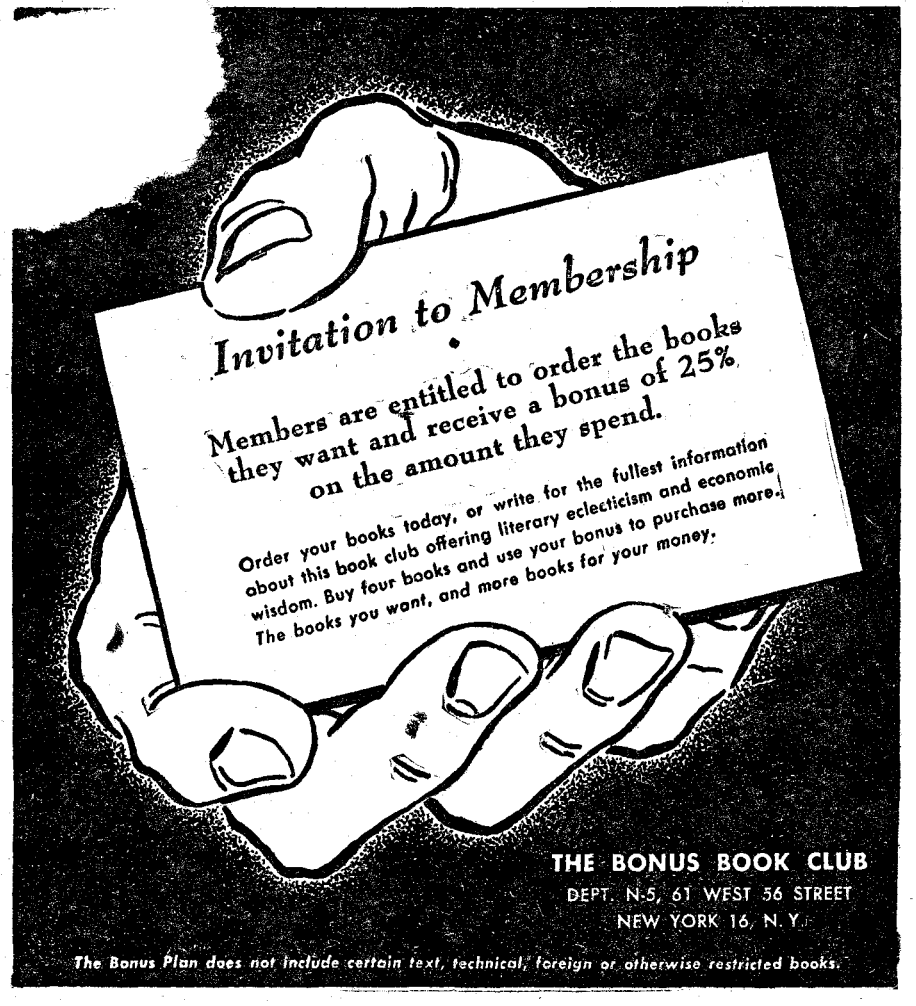
Though Salt wrote his book in England, he managed to assemble most of the material then available. For our time, Henry Seidel Canby has provided the student of Thoreau with considerable new material and with some fresh and stimulating interpretations of the old. His "Thoreau" is based on all the data that have been found so far and is rich in documentation and detail.

What Joseph Wood Krutch has done in his "Henry David Thoreau" is to offer a highly useful and sensible complement to the Canby volume. Mr. Krutch's book is devoid of any additional information about Thoreau's life. For his facts he depends consistently on Canby. Nevertheless, the book is a valuable and even in one sense a pioneering work. It is valuable as a study of Thoreau's mind and to a lesser extent of his art; and as an exploration it goes substantially beyond its predecessors in fulness and thoughtfulness.

The truth is that Thoreau's external life was relatively modest and unimportant. In consequence there was no need for Mr. Krutch to spend time on biographical research. The great bulk of the external facts had already been gathered, and for internal facts there was, and is, no better source than Thoreau's books themselves, especially the Journal. "Thoreau's lifework was the writing of a spiritual biography," Mr. Krutch maintains; and he is correct. Thoreau specifically announced as his theory of literature that writing must develop organically out of the writer's life. Mr. Krutch has taken proper advantage of the situation. He interprets Thoreau by focusing on his books and drawing his inferences from them. Furthermore, by choosing Thoreau as his subject, he avoids the weakness that vitiates his earlier biography of Poe. His "Poe" has not worn very well, mainly because it indulges in some fancy psychologizing about Poe's emotional life and its connection with his writing. There is a distinct gap between much of Poe's life and his work, despite the assertions of the Freudians, but there is almost none in Thoreau's.

Mr. Krutch centers his book on Thoreau's two superlative years beside Walden Pond. Then, he believes, Thoreau was temporarily in perfect equilibrium, and "Walden" was justly his cockcrow to the world. He had solved his own problem, and so he had much to say to other men. Mr. Krutch sees four "matters" in Thoreau's book. They are (1) the life of quiet desperation most men lead; (2) the economic fallacy responsible for their situation; (3) what the life close to nature is, and what it offers; and (4) "the 'higher laws' which man begins, through some transcendental process, to perceive if he faithfully climbs the stepladder of nature whose first rung is 'wildness,' whose second is some such gentle and austere but not artificial life as Thoreau himself was leading, and whose third is the transcendental insight he only occasionally reached."

The chapter on Walden, Paradise Found, represents the ablest analysis anyone has made, and it illustrates Mr. Krutch's abilities at their best. His perception is both sharp and sensitive, his tone level and balanced. However, in such a later chapter as Pantheist and Puritan, on Thoreau's philosophy, his tone is, indeed, so level as to be at times a drone. For if Mr. Krutch demonstrates the values that come out of a primarily rationalistic approach to Thoreau, he also exemplifies one or two of its shortcomings. It is a rather pale Philosophy who lives in these pages. At first the reader is apt to forget the limi-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tations of Mr. Krutch's approach because he talks frequently about emotion in Thoreau and occasionally about his own emotion on reading Thoreau. But talking about feeling is not feeling, and so it comes almost as a shock to the reader when Mr. Krutch notes near the end of the book that seeing a certain passage from Thoreau gives him a sensation of "sheer joy." Incidentally, he considers Thoreau himself a much more joyful person than any other biographer has thought him.

In general Mr. Krutch explains Thoreau with admirable common sense. There are, at most, three noticeable soft spots in his book. The first is this insistence on Thoreau's general happiness, his "joy." How this can be reconciled with the inner tensions of Thoreau's early life and the impact of the Abolitionist crisis on his later life is hard to understand. It is true that Thoreau said every now and then that he was happy; yet it may well be that he protested too much. As Mr. Krutch has implied in "The Modern Temper," the truly happy man will not feel the need to proclaim his happiness.

The second weakness is his stress on what he calls Thoreau's mysticism. Unless Mr. Krutch is giving a special meaning to the term, his emphasis is hard to defend. In one of the middle chapters, however, there is a clue to the possible source of confusion. Mr. Krutch says there that two of Thoreau's general themes are his mysticism and his sympathy with nature. What he does thereafter is frequently to cite passages showing Thoreau's sympathy with nature—better termed "empathy"—as if they demonstrated his mysticism.

Finally, although most students of Thoreau have felt that his life after Walden was an anti-climax, Mr. Krutch disagrees—and has trouble making his disagreement stick. He is convinced that Thoreau could have written one more great book, but he never suggests what kind. He says at one point that the failure of Thoreau's health must be taken into consideration; yet at another he admits that Thoreau had ten years of good health after he left the Pond. He also admits that the natural history of Concord which Thoreau had projected would not have been a master-work. Certainly the book on the Indians could not have competed with "Walden." All in all, Mr. Krutch's general statement is upset by his own incidental observations.

Nevertheless, and in spite of its occasional shortcomings, his book can be said to be indispensable. Thirty years ago Mark Van Doren charged that Thoreau had attracted no real critics; that is no longer true. Because of its basic wisdom Emerson's essay on Thoreau's character cannot be superseded; and Mr. Canby's life of Thoreau will be useful for a long time, particularly because of its richness of detail; but Mr. Krutch's book will rightfully occupy the shelf beside them because of its thoughtful and comprehensive study of Thoreau's mind. CARL BODE

Europe's Dilemma

THE WEST AT BAY. By Barbara Ward. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.50.

THE blurb writer hardly exaggerates when he calls Miss Ward "one of the most striking figures of her generation." Still only thirty-four, she is foreign-affairs editor of the London *Economist*, a governor of the British Broadcasting Company, and a member of the council of that august if rather stuffy body, The Royal Institute of International Affairs. She writes exceedingly well and speaks, possibly, even better. And, in addition to brains, she has personal charm and good looks to which the portrait on the jacket does scant justice.

Some day, I hope, Miss Ward will retire for a season from her manifold activities and produce the really first-class book on modern Europe which she is equipped to write. Her current offering is unashamedly a "quickie," journalism within covers; good of its kind but not containing any evidence of great originality. It does, however, illustrate the author's rare gift for lucid exposition. Her summaries of the causes and effects of the dollar shortage in Chapter 12 and of the strength and weakness of the Marxian analysis as applied to contemporary affairs in Chapter 4 could hardly be bettered.

Miss Ward's main concern is with the bankruptcy of Western Europe, bled white by two wars and struggling to regain solvency under economic conditions which have radically altered since

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those nineteenth-century days when a balanced exchange of European manufactures for food and raw materials was possible. She discusses at length the inception and development of E. R. P., which she sees as far-sighted, generous, and indispensable but in itself by no means adequate to insure European recovery. At best, she finds, it will leave the sixteen beneficiary countries deeply in the red in 1952, with their international trading accounts still unbalanced and the problem of dollar scarcity still unsolved.

The Marshall Plan assumes, of course, a large measure of self-help and cooperation in Western Europe. America's contribution, large as it is, is small in relation to the planned production of the sixteen nations. The question is: Can this production be achieved and *distributed* to the best advantage without a much closer integration of the Western European economies than is at present in sight?

Miss Ward believes not, but she is chary of suggesting "paper constitutions" for a Western Union. She refrains from advocating a United States of Europe and does not consider a customs union as a practical early objective, though she has some hopes of a "low-tariff club" as a step in that direction. Her approach to what she calls "a Western Association," is functional. There should be a proliferation of *ad hoc* international organizations intrusted with over-all planning in special economic fields—fuel, iron and steel, transport, and so forth. There are, the author suggests, a number of models for organizations of this kind. She gives as examples the very useful European Coal Organization which has been operating since the war ended and, less happily, the pre-war International Steel Cartel.

One difficulty foreseen by Miss Ward is that "some features of the steps the sixteen nations should take in pursuit of unity may not prove as acceptable to America as the idea of unity itself." The United States is looking to the formation of a customs union as both the symbol and instrument of that Western European cooperation which it regards as an integral part of the Marshall Plan. But as Miss Ward rightly points out, a customs union, apart from the fact that it calls for very delicate adjustments which cannot be made hastily, "does not touch the core of Europe's economic problem—the dollar shortage." To cope with that successfully, she suggests, Europe needs to adopt measures which are likely to conflict with America's nineteenth-century concepts of international trade. For instance, Europe might do well to take a leaf from the sterling area's book and institute a dollar pool. But that would mean rationing the available supply of dollars, reserving them for the purchase of goods obtainable only from the hard-currency countries, and turning to other sources of supply, even though prices were higher, for desirable but less essential commodities, for instance, tobacco.

Such a move would mean "discrimination," which, in the view of the State Department, is the deadliest of international sins and a major cause of the constriction of trade. But, Miss Ward argues, under conditions in which the supply of the world's leading currency is chronically unequal to demand, non-discrimination itself reduces commercial exchanges. For, to quote a concrete example, it requires Canada, which for lack of dollars bars the import of American chocolate, to ban British chocolate also, even though it has huge sterling funds.

The last chapter of this book points to the fact that the *malaise* of Europe is more than material. If the competition of communism is to be countered, Miss Ward suggests, its "promise of a visionary and apocalyptic future" must be met on a spiritual plane. She feels that democracy must turn back to the Christian ideals which gave it birth, and to this end she looks to an alliance between the democratic Socialist and liberal Christian parties of Western Europe. The latter are, actually, mainly Catholic, and Miss Ward, herself a Catholic as well as a member of the British Labor Party, hardly faces the obstacles such an alliance involves. Let us grant that the social philosophy of Roman Catholicism is democratic and anti-capitalist. That, unhappily, does not alter the fact that the church as an institution is authoritarian and dogmatic on a wide variety of social questions, while its material interests are bound up with those of property. As a result the liberal Catholic tends to suffer the

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schizophrenia of the righteous young man of great possessions who went away grieving when Jesus asked him to sell all that he had and give to the poor.

KEITH HUTCHISON

War Within a War

THE WAR LORDS OF WASHINGTON. By Bruce Catton. Harcourt, Brace, and Company. $3.

BRUCE CATTON has given us the first detailed, documented report on the civil war which raged in Washington from 1940 until V-J Day; and countless bewildered Americans owe him a vote of gratitude.

All of us heard the uproar and saw the ricocheting press releases, the poisonous rumors, and the dismembered reputations which were flung out of the fog of battle, but few of us could tell what the shooting was all about. Certainly it had little to do with the Japanese or Germans, and many a disgusted spectator concluded that it was just a squabble among wilful and ambitious bureaucrats.

It was more than that. It was a struggle between two groups of men, both holding key positions in the war effort, who differed passionately over what the war was about, how it should be conducted, and what ought to happen when it ended. One group believed we were fighting *for* something—a better and more democratic society, at home as well as overseas. It was led by such men as Donald Nelson (Mr. Catton's hero), Leon Henderson, Maury Maverick, Henry Wallace, Bob Nathan, Milo Perkins, Robert Horton, and (sometimes) Harry Truman.

The other side held that we were fighting *against* something—Nazis and Japanese incidentally, but most of all against any change in the status quo. Its leaders were the dollar-a-year men from the big corporations in WPB, in alliance with the armchair generals of the Pentagon and Robert Patterson, the War Department's Terrible Tempered Mr. Bangs, who served as their spokesman.

With a modesty rare both in authors and bureaucrats Mr. Catton never mentions his own role in this prolonged Donnybrook. All the participants will remember him, however, as one of Mr. Nelson's most effective shock troops—and he reports the battle frankly as a combatant, not as a detached observer. For he realizes that although democracy took a licking in the Battle of Washington, the war is not yet over; and he has no intention of surrendering, now or ever.

In "The War Lords of Washington," the course of the struggle is traced out campaign by campaign. First came the fight, long before Pearl Harbor, to build up our steel, aluminum, and synthetic-rubber capacity to the size plainly demanded for adequate defense. It failed, primarily because the men in charge of the defense program were haunted by "the specter of going back, some day, to ordinary peace-time pursuits and finding the nation equipped with more productive capacity than could profitably be employed."

The automobile industry was converted to war production only after a shocking delay; Jesse Jones failed to build up a rubber stockpile; gasoline rationing to save the nation's vital stock of tires came perilously late—all because the slogan of the time was: "Take drastic action fearlessly, but whatever happens, don't really upset anybody."

Even when the most conservative business men finally realized that the war was a serious affair which would take every ounce of the nation's energy, a large and powerful faction in Washington continued to oppose any measure which might disturb the pre-war industrial pattern. Thus the resistance to cooperative organization of small firms to handle war contracts; the hostility to the War Production Drive, when it seemed to encourage workers to take an interest in industrial management; the stone-wall opposition to any research program which might have given small business some of the patents and technical advantages monopolized by the big corporations.

Most frightening of all is Catton's story of the War Department's drive for a totally unnecessary conscription of labor, coupled with an elaborate intrigue to force Nelson out of WPB and to sabotage his plans for an orderly reconversion to peace-time production. Here, for the first time, is a detailed account of the Big Brass's campaign to deceive the people of the United States about the course of the war and the production effort—by a deliberate and sustained distortion of the truth. Catton describes it

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as "psychological warfare, naked and undisguised . . . directed at the American people themselves." It constitutes one more damning case—if another is needed—for making military men tend to their military knitting and for keeping their fingers out of the affairs of government.

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The Poet and His Sources

THE WHITE GODDESS: A HISTORICAL GRAMMAR OF POETIC MYTH. By Robert Graves. Creative Age Press. $4.50.

ROBERT GRAVES is a true poet, and therefore knows that existence as it opens itself to his attention is a closed book, most of the time, to most people. There are few predicaments as interesting as this. I think it is perhaps for this predicament that humility is expressly and most pointedly indicated, since in so many others that virtue costs relatively little. The poet has by his nature a great quarrel with virtues, anyway. He is innocent and may feel irony toward the ethical man, for he sees through him: he sees through him, that is, at a certain angle, like a child's angle of vision that does not bisect but subtends a chord, so to speak, and travels on. The poet is, in some important sense, a convinced child. During serious conversation it may be the pattern in the rug that interests him, and in the course of serious business he may be found idle or inefficiently occupied. Language that does not excite by its precision or power is likely to bore him. His position in a purposeful company is easily ambiguous; he causes pleasure, he arouses affection, he often compels respect, and yet he seems unpredictable because no company contains him. It is known that he has reservations about the disciplines by which men live in common; it is not known, nor can it be generally known, what they are. Hence—if he has not humility—the extremes of attitude toward him; the uneasiness, and the stimulus of his presence.

All this we let go sometimes under the head of "imagination," and for imagination Graves is notable. But the peculiar thing about this gift in him is that it is so hard to distinguish it from the quietest hard work of intellect. His candor is bottomlessly, because unconsciously, deceptive. He is a "literalist of the imagination." Not Coleridge, certainly not Yeats, though each was great with similar powers, could so use them as to make others believe that nothing was under consideration but the most ordinary and public matters of fact. We put down Graves's wonderful historical novels with a sense of having been enchanted disproportionately by a kind of writing that on any given page seems no more than an admirable prose for letters to the *Times*—an employment which Graves has also frequently given it. And this is not an effect of sleight or dissimulation. In Graves the poetic intelligence is, I think, quite pure, and its products, being believed, need scarcely be insisted on. But now he has insisted; he has written "King Jesus" to defy Christianity and "The White Goddess" to justify his defiance. These are rash and mistaken and, as I shall suggest, wholly unnecessary gestures. The result of them is to expose his gifts to a criticism more pitiless, intellectually, than literature would ordinarily call for. I do not mean that such criticism is now to be found or forthcoming at once in reviews of these books, but that it will twine about them in time and they will not withstand it.

For the moment, however—for the occasion, which is a striking one—"The White Goddess" raises beautiful issues for tentative discussion. No one will be more charmed than I am by the ingenuities—the genius of ingenuity—in the historical argument of the book, nor more in sympathy with the desire that Graves has to uphold the values of true poetry against people who are not merely blind but hostile to them. If it were necessary to accept the argument in order to uphold the values, I should readily do so; but in that case we should all be living in a different world, even more different from the one we know than the pre-Christian world to which Graves reverts so elaborately. His thesis is that all true poetry, all poetry that makes us shiver when we read or write it, is a regression—rarely deliberate except in his case—to that world in which religion was magic, rituals were seasonal, and the supreme power or godhead immanent in nature was feminine—deeply beautiful and wildly terrifying, a goddess, then, of birth and death, lust and fright. Graves has recovered the past for his novels by what he calls the "analeptic" method—a deliberate suspension of time; now the exercise of this power has smitten him with love of the Great Goddess of the Aegean lands, the Great Mother of the Minoan People of the Sea two or three millennia before Christ. Extraordinary! "The test of a poet's vision, one might say, is the accuracy of his portrayal of the White

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Goddess and of the island over which she rules." Myths are the materials of poetry, and all myths ultimately are one, "one story only"—the myth of the human hero, or sun king, born yearly at the winter solstice, slain at the summer solstice, entombed in an island in the west, but perpetually reborn; and in all things, in his birth, royalty, and death, a witness to the Goddess's power.

Let me put his thesis in a logical form. Poetry was originally the language of the most profound and intelligent, of priests who, as they had leisure to serve the Goddess or her annual consort, the sun king, were the first to understand the precise rhythms of the solar year and to discriminate the seasonal qualities of vegetation. In ancient Britain a priest-poet was an oak seer, or derwyd, or Druid. Then poetry became the art of bards who preserved and embroidered upon this tradition of primordial learning and worship, holding its details secret and passing them on in stories full of cryptic and magic formulas. Then the formulas became garbled, the tradition died out, and the religion itself succumbed before the powerful onslaught of the Christian church, surviving until the eighteenth century in the witch covens of Western Europe and even longer in the work of true poets who continued to invoke the Goddess—to see her as Shakespeare did in Cleopatra, as Coleridge did in the Nightmare Life-in-Death, and Keats in La Belle Dame Sans Merci. "At the age of fifty-one," Graves writes, "I am still amused at the paradox of poetry's obstinate continuance in the present phase of civilization."

It is the amusement here that might lead us terribly to suspect him. For consider what his whole position amounts to: in the same breath he postulates that poetry was originally the creation of the most advanced spirits and that now it can only be that of the most antiquarian. If 2,000 years before Christ the mysteries of existence could be penetrated to the extent of measuring the sun's annual movement and fixing on the wood of the ash as best for spears, a devotion to such learning by a poet 4,000 years later would seem to be primitivism with a vengeance. If poetry was religious to begin with and the religion was matriarchal and orgiastic, does it follow that in order to be religious now poetry must honor a White Goddess who ceased 2,000 years ago to be acceptable as a concept of deity? Reduced to these terms —which do it full justice—Graves's thesis becomes an absurdity, fatal to anyone who takes it seriously. By any other man it could only have been concocted tongue in cheek.

Why does this serious and remarkably gifted man propound it? Because, I think, he misunderstands the nature of his own unique activity, because the recovery of the deep past has seemed to him to involve acceptance of that past—which literally cannot be accepted, in so far as it is past, except as a part of the present. If Graves were more capable of exact general thinking —or if he were gifted with real humility—he would offer his prodigious researches and flashes of insight for the considerable value that they have, and not as a substitute for a theology. He would conclude truly, for example, that true poetry acquires depth through awareness of the dimension of time and of terrestrial or human constants. But he would conclude likewise that the "mythical" is a secondary quality of poetry and that the "original"—on which he also obscurely insists—comes about through the digestion of new, not old, material: through venturing out at the rim of present knowledge and experience, as those do who wish to embrace, not a worn-out Goddess, but "the beauty that has not yet come into the world." It is not alone through turning toward the House of the Dead, nor toward the beguilement and danger of the Cyprian, that a poetry can be written for this world; and, hardy though he is, I lament Robert Graves's preoccupation with these attractions.

ROBERT FITZGERALD

The New History

THE AMERICAN POLITICAL TRADITION AND THE MEN WHO MADE IT. By Richard Hofstadter. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

THIS is an able, witty, urbane book. It expounds a comprehensive thesis through the strategic device of twelve biographical sketches—of the collective framers of the Constitution and the post-Civil War spoilsmen, and of Jefferson, Jackson, Calhoun, Lincoln, Phillips, Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson, Hoover, and Franklin Roosevelt. Through the sequence runs a consistent theme: American history has been enacted on a restricted stage. Despite the ferocity of political conflict the spokesmen have always been at one in their fundamental belief in the rights of property, in economic individualism, and in competition; differences of practical policy boil down "to a very modest minimum." Yet today this very minimum,

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this common ground, this pervasive unity of tradition, "is shifting under our feet." Hofstadter does not attempt definitive studies; he exercises with authority his prerogative as a historian to select, guided not by hero-worship—no reader will accuse him of it—but by the conviction that a democratic society can more safely be over-critical than over-indulgent toward its leaders.

His doctrine could easily become doctrinaire and his criticism merely acrid were it not for his scholarship and his humanity. Because he handles his contention with skill, it is exhilarating, and sometimes, in his refreshing fascination with the purely human drama, the thesis is almost forgotten. In fact, the book is a portent: precocious as he is, Hofstadter came of age only well into the New Deal; he writes out of a frame of mind matured since the depression, to which Hoover is as remote as Cleveland. With the liveliest appreciation of the variety of American history, he still pronounces judgment upon it. He finds liberalism now rudderless and demoralized, but nothing would be more fatal than to trust to Franklin Roosevelt's improvisations, "without trying to achieve a more inclusive and systematic conception of what is happening in the world." None of the great formulators, neither Jefferson nor Lincoln, really knew what was happening; all were committed, much as they hated cupidity, to maintaining the economic virtues of capitalism, to a democracy of cupidity rather than of fraternity. That the greatest of them proved figures of tragedy, and that the others were spared this anguish only through insensitivity, becomes a profoundly poignant, though possibly a youthful, reading of our past and of our present.

I do not always go along with Hofstadter's interpretation—that of Jefferson is the weakest; he verges upon the censorious, and too many pages fall into now current stereotypes. Still, the book is heartening. A generation ago historians began to reach into literature and into what they called "intellectual history"; the pioneers of the movement, notably Beard, assumed that they became historians of the mind by producing catalogues of names, titles, and isms, though they showed little or no aptitude for, or understanding of, the nature of thought itself. A younger group is now emerging, adequately trained in the methods of scholarship but capable of working within the structure, above all with the dynamic tendency, of ideas. They write from a depth and with a fluency unknown to Beard and Curti because they understand what ideas mean; they understand because they have taken the life of ideas into their own consciousness.

The proof is in the writing. For example, Hofstadter points out that Lincoln figures in the legend, on the one hand as the mediator who shoulders the torments of a sinful people, and on the other as the classic case of self-help:

> In a world that works through ambition and self-help, while inculcating an ethic that looks upon their results with disdain, how can an earnest man, a public figure living in a time of crisis, gratify his aspirations and yet remain morally whole? If he is, like Lincoln, a man of private religious intensity, the stage is set for high tragedy.

Hofstadter does not pretend that this is the whole story of Lincoln, but it is a definition of where the problem resides. Such a paragraph is worth innumerable pages of the Sandburgian slush that lately has swept over worshipers at the shrine.

Of course, Hofstadter's thesis is an index of the times; it is what he is compelled to write, and his book has vitality because he is vitally concerned. There is a bias to his criticism, but the criticism falls alike upon either Hoover or Roosevelt, equally upon Calhoun or Jefferson. From a student who thus combines documentation with imaginative participation in the intellectual and spiritual life, much more may be expected; for the moment this is a triumph of humane letters, and it proclaims Hofstadter an outstandingly brilliant scholar of his generation.

PERRY MILLER

Lord Acton's Essays

ESSAYS ON FREEDOM AND POWER. By Lord Acton. Selected and with an Introduction by Gertrude Himmelfarb. The Beacon Press and the Free Press. $5.

OUR civilization needs the help of the lights of its past, and it is not by chance that there is at present a revival of interest in Lord Acton. The public should long since have had access to his intuitive apperception of the past, the present, and the future, to his combination of scholarship and integrity with the gift of prophecy, to his beauty of language, his concision of thought and expression. Recently there appeared in England the exemplary biography of Acton by David Mathew, and now in this country we have a new anthology of his essays, carefully edited and provided with a useful introduction.

It is always difficult for an anthologist to meet the requirements of a limited choice. The reader's taste will never be satisfied. There are some things in this volume which this reviewer would not have chosen, and on the other hand some of Acton's best is missing. Surely, one of the two Roman Catholic essays—Conflicts with Rome and The Vatican Council—could have been omitted. Acton's conflicts of opinion, as a British Catholic and liberal, with Pius IX and the notion of papal infallibility involve a central problem of his life, but probably cannot be fully grasped by non-Catholics. His distinction between dogma, which he accepted without reserve, and opinion, which he contested;

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his attempts to reconcile liberalism, science, and progress with Catholicism without being disloyal; the proud resignation with which he gave up his journal after Rome had declared against his cause—all this is of great human and intellectual interest but falls short of the universal significance of Acton's writings. Even less fortunate is the inclusion of an essay on the American Civil War, written in 1861, rather hastily it would seem. Here young Acton is at his worst—learned, dogmatic, and remote. He derives the entire conflict from a single principle—centripetal revolution versus local and individual freedom. He confuses Calhoun with Burke, Seward with Robespierre. On the other hand, the reader will find in Miss Himmelfarb's edition many examples of the kind of writing on which Acton's fame rests: the Inaugural Lecture on the Study of History; the two sketches of the "History of Freedom," which was never written; the prophetic attack on the principle of nationalism; and the the letter to Dr. Creighton which contains his most famous dictum—"Power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely. Great men are almost always bad men. . . ."

This is Acton's principal conviction: that success, the *fait accompli*, power and the growth of power within the state are not identical with the good cause, with progress, with justice, and with the will of God, as the Bonapartists and his own friends, the German historians believed. Political action was hardly ever consonant with the precepts of justice and morality. Man's place in history is determined by his worst acts, and Calvin's murder of Servetus outweighs all the brilliance of his writings. This inflexible moralism will call to mind Immanuel Kant rather than a nineteenth-century historian. One might well ask why Acton chose to write about political history, which can be nothing other than the history of a crude struggle for power. Actually, however, Acton found in political history an illustration of the course of progress—progress toward individual freedom, progress toward freedom of conscience, progress toward the freedom and security of minorities, progress toward freedom of which he gave a hundred searching definitions. Nor was there any necessity for politicians and politics to be bad, although they usually were. Napoleon III, Bismarck, Disraeli were bad, but Mr. Gladstone was good, his politics scientific, Christian, and moral. It was owing to him or to men of the type of George Washington that, under good forms of government, the English monarchy, American federalism, mankind had finally attained its aspirations: "The assurance that every man shall be protected in doing what he believes his duty against the influence of authority and majorities, custom and opinion."

Acton's philosophy of history was not pessimistic. To a certain degree he shared the prevalent faith in progress. But he was too perspicacious, too good a historian to consider that what had been attained was achieved for all time. Freedom was menaced by the new cult of the state, by nationalism, by equalitarian democracy, by the divine right of the majorities, and by the despot who based his claims to absolute power on the divine right of the majority. The awareness of this menace appears in all Acton's writings like lightning before the coming storm. The voluntary limitation of the power of the state had been attained but was a fragile achievement. Most men in power had been criminal, revolutionaries as well as kings and popes. To what depth of crime and madness would evil men proceed when they "seized power" in the name of the modern totalitarian state? This was the pressing concern which made Acton say that "he agreed with nobody in his time"; and which makes his work so relevant for us today. GOLO MANN

Life of Hawthorne

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. THE AMERICAN YEARS. By Robert Cantwell. Rinehart and Company. $6.

ANCHORS were only $10 apiece in 1804, the year Hawthorne was born. The cargo of the America, his father's ship, while consisting of sugar, also included an elephant, "the first ever brought to America, a female, six feet four inches high, that sold in New York for $10,000."

The inclusion of these two items in Mr. Cantwell's manifest may or may not be accounted for by two statements he makes in the introduction to his biography of Hawthorne. (The biography ends with the publication of "The Scarlet Letter" in 1850.) The first is a warning: the danger of attributing "to the greatest American literary men such seclusion and despondency, and such a sense of estrangement from the life of their time" as would lead to the usual conception of Hawthorne as a gloomy recluse. The second statement follows from the first: "The depth and the nature of his political work is mysterious. That is the true mystery of his life."

The second statement is not only

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nonsense; it is denied over and over again by Mr. Cantwell's own book. The "mystery" is never clarified at all, despite the fact that the reader is obliged, with increasing reluctance, to tag along on one wild-goose chase after another. As for the first statement, the reader has every right to expect some evidence to show that Hawthorne was not a recluse. But being rewarded merely with the knowledge that Hawthorne was not a hermit, he may naturally conclude that Hawthorne could conceivably take part in the life of his time and still be estranged from it. Since that paradox is hardly a difficult one to fathom, he is forced to conclude either that the biographer is, from whatever high sociological motive, against estrangement as such, or that he is interested only in the external factual detail of Hawthorne's life.

Well, facts are important. And certainly there is no more important task for the biographer than to show the connection between the life of Hawthorne and the life of his time. And Mr. Cantwell's biography does contain in profusion the material necessary to make such a connection. To single out one of many instances, the account of the murder of a certain Captain White, in its revelation of hypocrisy and depravity, in its almost allegorical demonstration of the effects of evil on innocent and guilty, in its 1830 American baroque atmosphere and tone, sounds like one of Hawthorne's stories. But the connection is never established. That the murder occurred is not important. What is important is how Hawthorne transformed fact into fiction. Speaking of "Ethan Brand" Mr. Cantwell says: "Hawthorne's story was not fiction at all. It was a literal description of a place, with imaginative meanings and interpretations cementing the blocks of reality together." Which is merely to describe the process of artistic creation.

The amount of laborious research expended on ferreting out details of all kinds concerning everybody and everything Hawthorne knew or might have known is staggering. The story of Hawthorne's life is interrupted continually by the ever-present researcher, and the smaller the detail the better. I have never seen such an aggregation of unconnected, disconnected, supererogatory details, all so badly organized and expressed in so meretricious a style that it must be seen to be believed. When Hawthorne was nine he hurt his foot and didn't have to go to school. "He was delighted, and made the most of his mysterious ailment to stay home. Hannah Lord, the hired girl, bundled him up and carried him out into the street. He hopped up to the stagecoach office. One remedy attempted was to pour cold water on his foot from an open window. The War of 1812 began, with so close a vote in favor of the declaration of war. . . ."

Perhaps I am being too harsh. Even though the writing made me feel as if I were listening to a metronome that skipped a beat according to some curious and always unpredictable mathematical progression, still the last long chapter seems at least to have been rewritten, and still there's Hawthorne. There's the autobiographical material, the Notebooks. No biographer can take the life out of them. Yes he can. At times Mr. Cantwell quotes from the Notebooks; more often he does not. At first glance his changes and rearrangements of the material from the Notebooks seem slight, so slight that a comparison with the original is illuminating. For the most part he uses Hawthorne's words, merely putting them into sentences of his own, or grouping details into another sequence. The change is astounding. All the color, character, and quality of Hawthorne's words fade away—not to speak of the strangely disquieting effect produced by the combination of early nineteenth-century style and mid-twentieth-century whey. The transfusion, in short, does not save the biographer.

However, there still remains to be considered the biographer's critical acumen. Appraising the literary qualities of the scene in "The Scarlet Letter" in which Hester walks from the prison to the public square, he says: "The trumpets and brasses sound and fade away, echoing some theme unheard before and yet dimly recognizable; the scene is all color and pageantry, the slow march to the gallows, the luxuriant sunlit setting, the slow, Oriental procession of magistrates and ministers, like figures from some Eastern opera rather than a New England village. . . ." *East* Salem?

"But in America," wrote Constance Rourke in "Trumpets of Jubilee," speaking of Harriet Beecher Stowe and Madame de Stael, "feelings vehement and absorbing like hers become still more deep, morbid, and impassioned by the habits of self-government which the rigid forms of our society demand." That one sentence says more about Hawthorne and his time than Mr. Cantwell's whole book. For an understanding of Hawthorne and of what he called, not his escape from the world, but his escape into the world, Mr. Cantwell's biography is without value. The "true mystery" of Hawthorne remains. It is found in the Notebooks in such entries as these: "To point out the moral slavery of one who deems himself a free man." Or in this one: "A story to show how we are all wronged and wrongers, and avenge one another." Mr. Cantwell's biography is boring; Hawthorne is not there.

There *was* an elephant. Of course.

H. P. LAZARUS

Laval's Apologia

THE DIARY OF PIERRE LAVAL. With a Preface by Josée Laval. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

THREE years ago Quisling and Laval were paired in ignominy: Quisling more thoroughly despised, Laval more deeply hated. Now Laval's voice rises from the grave. It deserves to be heard: after all, there have been a few noted miscarriages of justice in history—Socrates, Jesus, Joan of Arc. No verdict, however solemn, is final. We cannot bring Laval back to life—if we could, what a heaven-sent leader he would be for the Third Force! We can at least seek to understand him—and ourselves.

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There, but for the grace of God, go we.

Laval never lived on the heroic plane: even his seeking death "like a Roman" gives him no halo. In this plea, written in his prison, he was fighting for his life, not for principles. He did not even have the bluster of a Göring. I had hoped, against hope, that he would make a bolder case for his policy. After all, he had convictions of long standing —I dare not say, deep rooted. He was a sincere pacifist; he had been a Socialist and an internationalist. He might have claimed that a United Socialist Europe, even under German hegemony, was the fulfilment of his dreams, and that the New Order had been brought by "the wave of the future." Some honest men —and among them at least one great scholar—were victims of this delusion, which was not ignoble. They simply failed to realize the irremediable coarseness of Hitler's mind. Laval, once or twice, hints at such a plea, which might have saved his honor before posterity. But his primary concern was to save his skin. So he urged the safer arguments, those that might "get him off": expediency, realism, the alleviation of immediate suffering. He had hoped to be judged by a court of his peers, who might have found it difficult to cast the first stone. He never understood, and could never understand, the moral force that condemned him—through very fallible men. To him, it must have seemed "starry-eyed," that is to say, either crazy or hypocritical.

The trial—like Pétain's, like Quisling's, like those at Nürnberg—was obviously not "judicial" in the legalistic sense. No article of the code exactly covered his case. He came to power as the agent of a government officially recognized at home and abroad, and he sought to temper the terms of an armistice which he had not drawn. All the war trials were battles in the final campaign. Their spirit was not one of mere revenge. They must be considered as revolutionary acts, ignoring the letter of the law in the name of principles still in the making. After all, this country was born in revolution, not in legalism. By condoning and even abetting atrocious crimes, the Nazis and the Quislings had gambled their lives away. Naturally, when we relapsed into "realism," the whole fabric of the war trials became a mockery. Laval could not be condemned today.

The plea lacks greatness, even as a human document; it is not without skill. At times, Laval's cleverness is of a rather obvious kind, "sewn with white thread," as the French put it. He is a master of understatement. The symbol of parliamentary life at its worst, he rose from poverty to affluence because he was both a practicing lawyer and a practicing politician. (Of course, there could be no suspicion of graft.) His explanation is ingenious: "I always felt that a certain ease, a modicum of means, is a guaranty of political independence in a public officer." There could be no more virtuous motive for lining one's pockets. The armistice is represented as "the first Allied victory?" (Note the cautious question mark.) Laval did not intrigue to create the Pétain regime: "If I was more active than some, it was because of my habit of working for the realization of an object when I am convinced it is a just one." Pecksniff could not have spoken more impressively. The application of the Nürnberg laws by the French state and to French Jews, one of the deepest stains on the country's honor, was "a Jewish red herring across the trail of the German police." It was the Germans in concert with the Marshal who obliged him to appoint Darnand, the scourge of patriots. A cowardly capitulation? Quite the reverse: "It would have been cowardly for me to abandon my post in this critical hour." When he ordered Admiral Robert to sink the Martinique gold reserve, he did not mean *sink*, but only *immerse*: Laval was thrifty, and the gold could have been salvaged later.

He did say, on June 22, 1942, "I foresee a German victory"—and he said it with the knowledge and consent of the Marshal. But it was only in order "to create an atmosphere of artificial confidence among the Germans." It comes out in this book, however, that he was more honest than he claimed. At that time a Nazi victory did seem possible. To the very end Laval thought —and hoped?—that the Germans would evolve an irresistible weapon. If only they had invented the atomic bomb ahead of the Allies, "I should have been known as a man of foresight, whose judgment was proved correct by the event." Well, he lost, and paid the forfeit.

Laval offers a triple alibi, and it is well worth pondering. His first plea is patriotism ("the last resort . . ."). Of course he lied, to the French and to the Germans. But he lied as ambassadors lie—for the good of the country. He lied as Frederick II, Bismarck, and Hitler lied. For there is no honor but the interest of the fatherland. Another form of the nationalistic fallacy: my country, right or wrong, above truth, above justice, above religion.

The second plea is realism. The French were fools not to play ball with Mussolini and, after their defeat, with Hitler. Ideologies, democracy, human dignity, the four freedoms? Bosh! "Foreign policy should be based on solid realities," and what is more solid than immediate and selfish interests? All the rest is "imponderable," utopian.

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Who is speaking—Laval, or Sir Samuel Hoare, Sir John Simon, Ernest Bevin, Walter Lippmann, William L. Langer, or Cordell Hull (who was so annoyed at the "idealistic" buzzing of *The Nation*)?

The third plea is humanity, the alleviation of actual suffering. The French were under the yoke: if through subservience, genuine or deceitful, you could make the yoke lighter, you had gained your end. Kiss the rod: it might not hit you quite so hard. This is not non-resistance, which never bows to evil, which faces and even courts martyrdom; it is flight from physical pain, at any moral cost—in a word, cowardice.

I have no doubt that Laval was the average Frenchman. But if he was Jacques Bonhomme, he was also John Doe. There is no nation solidly made up of heroes, saints, and poets. Well-meaning Germans submitted to Hitler out of sheer cowardice. Laval was a better man than Pétain: not so rancorous, not so foolishly vain, not so reactionary. Pétain's uniform and handsome presence should not deceive us; with his seven stars and his grandfatherly smile, he was mean. And Laval was a better man than Darlan. Darlan was ready for anything, even to become the Grand Admiral of the European Fleet under Hitler. It is quite true that Laval had nothing to gain by assuming power. Neither the Germans nor Pétain were eager to have him; he had only to seek retirement, and with his past as a parliamentarian, he would have been pretty sure of a future. Those who gambled, first with Pétain, and then with Darlan, should regret Laval. He was, literally, a man after their own heart.

ALBERT GUÉRARD

Drama Note

THE revival of "Private Lives" (Plymouth Theater) can safely be recommended only to convinced admirers of either Noel Coward or Tallulah Bankhead, especially the latter. Nothing could illustrate better than this play does the difference between wit, which is nearly eternal, and a kind of smart chitchat which cannot survive the year when it had the same sort of vogue as the hats that would have been ridiculous the year before and became ridiculous again the year after. Now that the cachet which the dialogue once had is no longer discernible, it is reduced to a series of remarks which leave one wondering most of the time how it could ever have been considered funny. Only occasionally is it possible to see what joke was intended, and even on these occasions the surviving joke seems a pretty feeble one. Here is an example chosen with more than fairness. *She:* Mother is really a very sweet person underneath. *He:* I never got—underneath.

Miss Bankhead treats the whole thing merely as an occasion for a romp in her raucous style. Presumably the part was originally written for Gertrude Lawrence, who played Amanda as a woman whose tempestuous promiscuity was more or less concealed under a fashionably lacquered exterior. Miss Bankhead plays the character without any deceptive outside, and by thus leaving the audience to wonder how her stuffy second husband was ever taken in by her throws the whole feeble little farce out of focus. The very friendly audience howled with delight at her antics, but it was at Tallulah enacting her favorite stage role, not at any character in a play, that it was laughing. Miss Bankhead can be wonderfully funny when she is given something in her line to do—as for instance in "The Skin of Our Teeth"—but one is tempted on occasions like this to revise only slightly the old crack about John Drew and to say: "She doesn't act. She merely misbehaves on the stage." Donald Cook does a very nice job of opposing his supercilious elegance to Miss Bankhead's tumultuousness.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

ONE must regret the loss this year of the concerts of the New York City Symphony with Leonard Bernstein at the City Center; but it has made possible an event of far greater artistic importance. The Monday and Tuesday nights have been taken over by Ballet Society, which under the name of the New York City Ballet Company will present in October and November the best of the repertory it has offered its subscription audiences during the past two years. And among the year's artistic events of first magnitude—on the level of things like Toscanini's performance of Verdi's "Falstaff"—one must include this series of ballet evenings, which will place on view for the general public a number of works by the world's greatest living choreographer and creative artist, George Balanchine.

All of these works delight and amaze one with their beauty and unending variety; each provides a fascinatingly new example of Balanchine's constant enriching elaboration of the distinctive vocabulary that he has made out of the elements of classic ballet and that he uses with inexhaustible inventive imagination in one work after another. One of them, "The Four Temperaments," outstanding in its power, weight, density, and impact, provides the most striking example of that development of vocabulary. Hindemith's music is a series of variations on a set of three themes; the ballet, then, is a series of variations incorporating and elaborating in new contexts certain of the movements that are first seen in the three themes danced by three couples at the beginning; and it is in these themes, from the first move-

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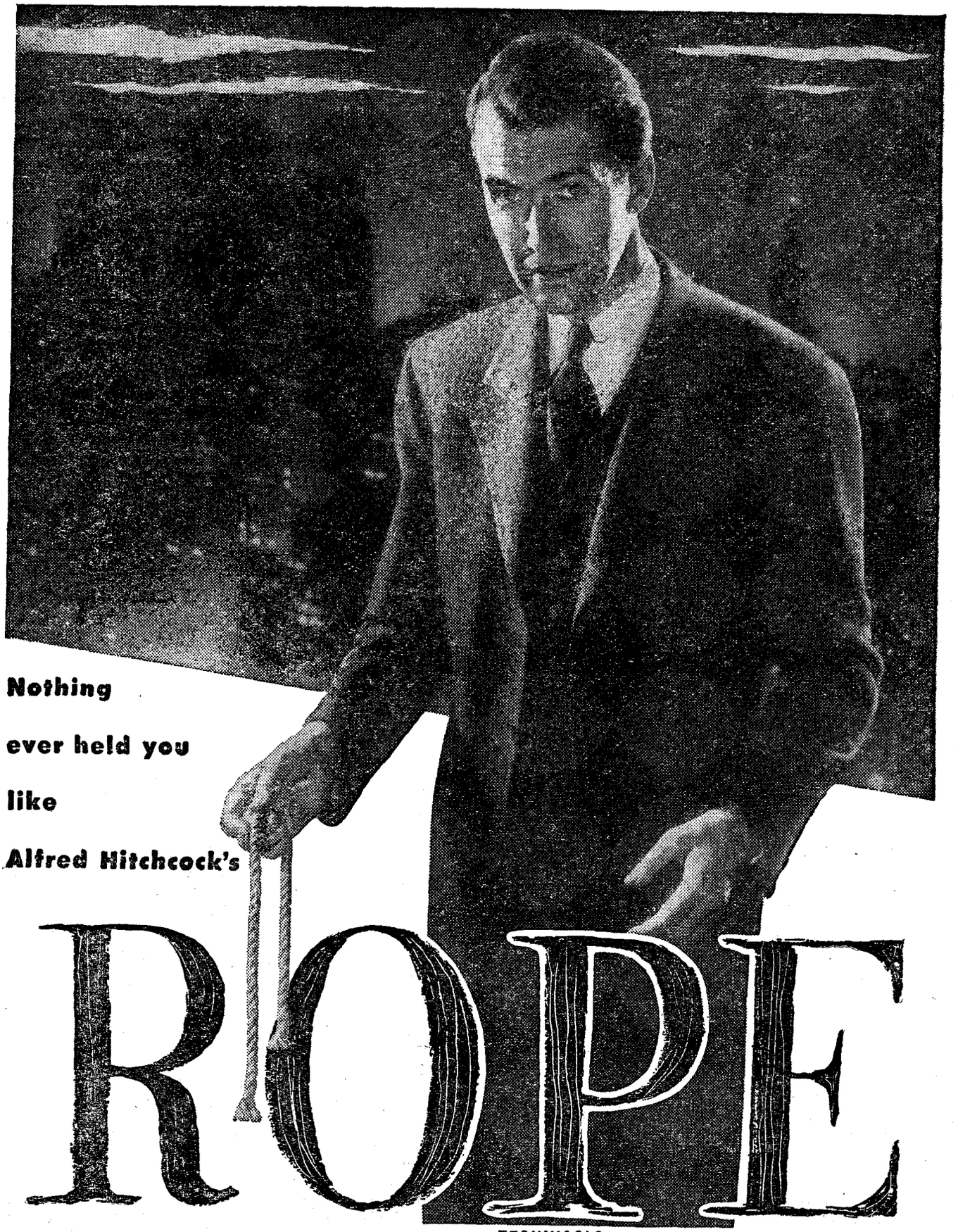

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ment of the first couple, that one sees the process I have spoken of: the basic elements of classic ballet being altered, transformed, combined, mingled with movements newly invented by Balanchine's fantasy and wit, producing details like the girl's sharply accented enveloping leaps around the boy in the first theme, her split position in which he draws her off the stage at the end, the boy's upward-downward pivoting of his forearms behind the girl as they go off at the end of the second theme, the extended leaps in which the girl is carried by the boy in the third theme, the girl's concluding series of slides into a sitting position on one point on which he pivots her now to left now to right—the last two details being prominent among those which are used in the subsequent variations.

Balanchine's invention reveals a remarkable feeling for the music he is working with; and the slow movement of "Concerto Barocco"—one of his earlier works that will be given with the Ballet Society repertory—provides one of the clearest illustrations of the relation of movement to music in his ballets—the relation being not that of a translation or interpretation, but that of a line of counterpoint which complements the music in substance, structure, and meaning.

It is, I think, in such slow movements that Balanchine achieves some of his most exciting invention—one outstanding example being the slow movement of Sinfonie Concertante, where the boy supports two girls in their fascinating maneuvers, with background comments and interpolations by the corps; and another being that of Symphony in C, where the ballerina and her partner involve two subsidiary couples and the corps in intricate interweaving of movement. "Palais de cristal," which the Paris Opera Ballet presented during its recent visit, is Balanchine's first version of Symphony in C; and it was interesting to see what he had done differently the second time, especially in the slow movement, and how much more strikingly beautiful solutions he had achieved in this movement on the second try.

In this movement of "Palais" Mlle. Vaussard's arms were stiff and angular; but in the first and third movements Mlles. Moreau and Bardin were lovely, and Mm. Kalioujny and Renault were more brilliantly agile than Magallanes and Bliss of Ballet Society; and there was a spectacular finale. These dancers are very good (though Renault needs to be brought under control), and Mlle. Chauviré, the leading ballerina, has the presence, the style, and technique of a great dancer. The company as a whole seemed to me excellent; but it was fatally handicapped by the dreadful works it appeared in. Most of these were Lifar's; but his also were the two good works outside of "Palais de cristal." They were the ones in which Lifar did not attempt philosophy or dramatic fantasy, but merely, as a dancer, contrived dance movements that would be effective for dancers: "Suite en blanc" was a series of choreographic etudes; "Divertissement," an ingenious reworking of the material of what we have seen as "Princess Aurora," was much the same thing in costume. They were pieces skilfully and tastefully contrived to show off a company which achieved their purpose brilliantly.

The International Dance Festival which presented the Paris Opera Ballet also presented Ram Gopal and his company of Hindu dancers and musicians, whose exquisitely subtle and finished performances were a refreshing delight.

CONTRIBUTORS

MARIANNE CRAIG MOORE is the author of several books of poety, including "Nevertheless" and "What Are Years."

IRVING HOWE is a frequent contributor to *The Nation.*

RANDALL JARRELL is now teaching at the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina. His latest book of poems is "Losses."

ROLFE HUMPHRIES is the author of several books of poetry. The most recent is "Forbid Thy Ravens."

CARL BODE, professor of English at the University of Maryland, edited and contributed an introduction to "The Portable Thoreau."

JOHN FISCHER is the author of "Why They Behave Like Russians."

ROBERT FITZGERALD is the author of "Poems" and "A Wreath for the Sea."

PERRY MILLER is professor of history at Harvard University.

GOLO MANN is assistant professor of history at Claremont Men's College and Scripps College.

ALBERT GUERARD, professor emeritus of comparative and general literature at Stanford University, is the author of "The France of Tomorrow," "Napoleon," and "France, a Short History."

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An Appeal to Reason

[*Continued from page 420*]

the human body, objectionable to various denominational groups, will be withdrawn. The whole of American Puritan literature, a principal source of our spiritual tradition, will be expunged for its criticism of the Church of England and the Church of Rome. Books of history which tell the truth about the persecution of Catholics by Protestants, the hanging of Quakers on Boston Common, the sufferings of Baptists in Massachusetts Bay, the reasons for the Protestant Reformation, and the practices of the Spanish Inquisition will be censored as objectionable to one church or another. Jefferson with his attacks on the priestcraft of Massachusetts and Rome will be proscribed. Tom Paine will disappear. Jonathan Edwards will be silenced.

The events of the last ten years should have taught us all—the New York Board of Superintendents included—that there is no escape from the difficult problems of our time by suppression. Neither teachers nor librarians nor anyone else can devise a formula of caution which will free responsible officers from the exercise of judgment or protect them from the passions of those who, whatever lip service they may pay to freedom, do not approve of freedom when their own beliefs are challenged. The only test with books and periodicals as with men is the individual test—the decision of each case on its merits. Is this book or this periodical, *regarded as a whole*, a serious and responsible exercise of the right of free inquiry, and free report? If it is, and if it deals with matters within the general interest of the citizens, in terms which students can understand, then there is no justification for its suppression because an article, or a group of articles, or several passages scattered through various articles, are objectionable to special groups, whatever the grounds of the objection. If it is not a responsible exercise of the right of free inquiry and free report—if, for example, a publication, considered as a whole, is found to be an attempt not to get at the truth but to disseminate hatred of a race or a faith or a group by the distortion or suppression of the truth or by forgery and lies—then it should receive the special handling that such material is generally accorded by American libraries. Certainly the fact that religious questions are often controversial is not a reason for suppressing them in the nation's schools. One of the principal purposes of American education should be to see to it that no generation grows up in ignorance of the controversial issues it will have to face.

In our opinion the solution of this entire problem requires that the school authorities in the city of New York give up forthwith their claim to dictate what the children of New York shall *not* read. In place of issuing a permissive list of books and periodicals, as they now do, they should return to the democratic practice of issuing an advisory list. That list should be drafted with the counsel of a group representing the best and most disinterested judgment available in the city, carefully chosen so as to avoid dominance by any special interest and expressly protected from special influences however exercised. Both the advisory group and the school authorities, moreover, should give up the notion that there are any subjects which are *verboten* to the children of America or that the likes and dislikes of any group in the community can be permitted to dictate the limitations of the knowledge of the rest.

Had these fair, decent, and democratic considerations been applied in the case of *The Nation* the suppression would have been unthinkable. *The Nation* is one of the most respected periodicals in the world today. For more than eighty years it has been a courageous champion of minority rights and democratic causes. No one has questioned and no one can question the record of its total achievement under its present editor or under her predecessors. The Blanshard articles, however objectionable certain passages may have been to certain readers, deal with subjects which most Americans regard as matters of public concern, and deal with them in a serious and responsible way. If they are in error, the error can be demonstrated in the same spirit of free examination of the facts, not by the condemnation and punishment of the magazine in which they appeared.

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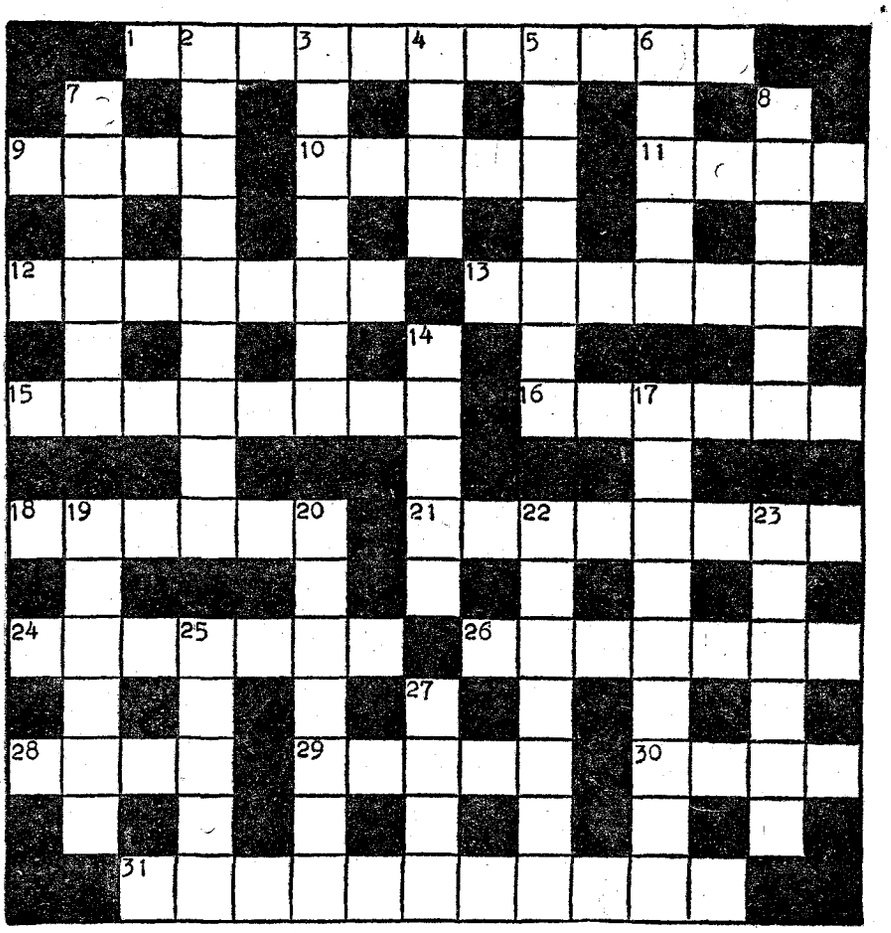
Crossword Puzzle No. 283

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Corrective for what the British Socialists have been trying to do for years? (11)
9 The dirty part that makes a number of 28. (4)
10 Sometimes the last thing makes blemishes on its return. (5)
11 Carroll's twinklers. (4)
12 What the pilot did to get checked? (7)
13 Tool, and found in the laundry when it comes back. (7) (hyphenated)
15 Norse and American playright. (8)
16 This is only a shell of the former state. (6)
18 Descriptive of a firecracker? (6)
21 Postmen I found too often in politics. (8)
24 See 22 down.
26 How one might make things crumby, and still read in bed. (7)
28 Certainly not the first person that might come before 9. (4)
29 Longfellow's golden-haired lass. (5)
30 Open page. (4)
31 Game-bird? (11)

DOWN

2 Rangers and strangers do. (9)
3 See 19 down.
4 This hall quite logically belonged to the army. (4)
5 What O. P. A. used for a run on the bank? (7) (hyphenated)
6 This might make a bird mad. (5)
7 Holds quite a bit, but it's not up to the automobile. (6)
8 A jewel would make these beds into quite a device. (6)
14 An entire land without a country in it. (5)
17 The garlic is what really makes it. (9)
19 and 3 Sounds like a rout, but actually leads up to a landing. (6, 2, 5)
20 Part of the mountain-dweller's cost-of-living? (7)
22 and 24 across. An expensive way of winning things. (7, 7)
23 Adjective applied in a hollow tale. (6)
25 The kind of stone that Shakespeare wrote of. (5)
27 He should have found economy quite a grind! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 282

ACROSS:—1 THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT; 5 SALVIA; 11 ARMADILLO; 12 RAISINS; 13 and 28 TOO MANY COOKS; 14 SATEEN; 15 SINE DIE; 18 HOECAKE; 21 SHASTA; 24 TROCHEE; 26 NORTHER; 27 AGREEMENT; 29 KISSED; 30 and 6 TATTERED AND TORN.

DOWN:—1 TABARD; 2 ELIMINATE; 3 OUTSIDE; 4 STASSEN; 7 VILLA; 8 ACOLYTES; 9 SMITES; 16 DUTCH DOOR; 19 ACHIEVE; 20 ELEVEN; 21 SINATRA; 22 APRICOT; 23 ERASED; 25 ORRIS.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules" for these challenging brain-teasers. Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

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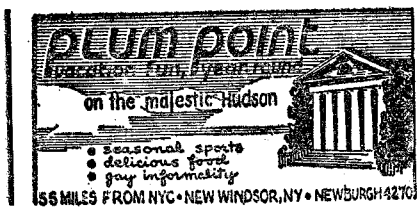
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